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MARS *ſtript of his* ARMOUR:

OR, THE

ARMY

Diſplayed in all its True Colours.

Containing the CHARACTERS of

I. An Army in General.
II. A Regiment or Battalion.
III. A Captain-General.
IV. A Lieutenant-General.
V. A Major-General.
VI. A Brigadier-General.
VII. A Colonel.
VIII. A Lieutenant-Colonel.
IX. A Major.
X. A Captain of the Guards.
XI. An Aid-de Camp.
XII. A Partiſan.
XIII. A Spy.
XIV. A Captain.
XV. A Lieutenant.
XVI. An Enſign.
XVII. An Adjutant.
XVIII. A Quarter-maſter.
XIX. The Chaplain of a Regiment.
XX. The Surgeon.
XXI. The Sergeant.
XXII. A Grenadier.
XXIII. A private Centinel.
XXIV. A Provoſt.

---

y the AUTHOR of the WOODEN WORLD DISSECTED.

LONDON:
Printed for H. SERJEANT, at the Black Swan, without Temple-Bar.
PRICE, One Shilling, (ſtitched.)

OF WHOM MAY BE HAD,
The WOODEN WORLD DISSECTED: or, The Character of a Ship of War and all its Officers, from the Captain to the common Sailor.

Ac911.1710.W3B

TO THE

READER.

THE *Wooden World Diſſected* (in which the *Miſcarriages* of our *Fleet*, the *Inſolence* of our *Naval Officers*, and the *Miſeries* and *Hardſhips* of our *Sailors before the Maſt*, are diſcovered) has met with univerſal Applauſe; and the ſmart Reflections therein on the *Conduct* of our *Marine Commanders*, may teach them to be *wiſer* and better, if they are capable of *Inſtruction*.

The Succeſs that *Undertaking* has met with, gives an Encouragement to the *preſent Deſign*; from which, 'tis

preſum'd, the Gentlemen of the *Army* may underſtand how to conform themſelves to the *Obligations* they lie under; if they are not ſufficiently ſenſible of *their Duty*, and their *Honour*.

The World, if it does Juſtice to *our Nation*, muſt acknowledge the Bravery of the *Engliſh*. The Battles of *Creſſy* and *Agincourt* ſufficiently witneſs the Truth of this Aſſertion; and *Oliver*'s Victories, yet recent in our Memories, tell us, our *Troops*, if *well uſed*, are *invincible*.

But *private Advantage* ſuppreſſes the *publick Intereſt*, and we have had as fine Regiments as any in *Europe*, ruin'd by the *Avarice*, or *Negligence* of our Commanders.

To make a *Regiment fight well*, they muſt be *paid*, and *cloath'd well*: And had not this been done in *Flanders*, we had

had never gain'd the famous Fights at *Hockſtedt* and *Ramillies*.

We need not wonder then at the Loſs of *Almanza*, and that thoſe Plains were ſtain'd with *Britiſh* Blood; the *Engliſh* were fatally overcome by the Intrigues of the *Engliſh*, and we were not ſo much *beaten* as *betrayed*.

The Author, therefore, of theſe following Pages, out of a Senſe of *Duty* to his Country, has taken the Liberty of deſcribing the *ill Actions* committed by *ſome Officers*, with the *ſame Freedom* and *Unconcern* they committed them, and painted *his Knaves* and *Fools* juſt as *Nature* formed them.

Nothing can be more neceſſary to the Good of the *Commonwealth*, than Deſcriptions of this Nature, where the *Vice*, and not the *Perſon* is reflected on: And here, as in a Mirror, each *haughty* Criminal

Criminal may view the *Uglineſs of a Vice* which tarniſhes all the *Glory* of his *Actions*.

'Tis true the Picture is but half drawn, and only the diſagreeable Side is expoſed to our *Reflections*; but if this ſeems *Injuſtice*, whenever the Gentlemen, who are criminal in the Matters here laid to their Charge, will change *their Sentiments*, I'll promiſe to turn the *Satyr* into a *Panegyrick*.

But, Thanks be to God, there are *ſome Officers* in the Army, who are above *betraying their* Honour, or *their* Country, who have fought with Bravery for the Character, and Poſt they ſuſtain; to whoſe Valour and Conduct both *Europe*, and all *England* is indebted.

There are Commanders, who think it Murder to ſurprize Men into the *Service*; who rule their Soldiers by *Love*, not

not *Fear*; who neither abuſe their *Inferiors*, nor meanly cringe to thoſe who are *above them*; who ſuccour with all good Offices their *Friends*, and give noble Quarter to their *Enemies*; who would no more wrong a *Soldier* of his *Pay*, or a *Tradeſmen* of his *Debt*, than they would affront the *one*, or deſert the *other* in the Time of *Action*; who, if it lay in their Power, would do *Good* to all Men, and *Injuries* to none; whoſe *Moderation* is only exceeded by their *Courage*, and whoſe *Fire* only exerts itſelf itſelf in the Service of their *Country*.

Some ſuch Men there are in the *Army*; and that we may have more of them, and leſs Occaſion of *Satyr*, is the *Author*'s Deſire.

THE

THE

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Of

Of an Army in general.

AN Army is the very Reverſe of a Church; and as we learn Piety in the one, 'tis ten thouſand to one, but weare taught Profaneneſs in the other. As all Religions concur, and meet in *Amſterdam*, ſo all Vices center in an Army. The Oaths of the private Men rattle louder than their Drums, and may be heard almoſt at as great a Diſtance as their Cannon.

The Devil, who manages the Affairs of Hell in a Camp, has a happy Time of it: His black Worſhip, in leſs than a Campaign, grows as plump as an overgrown Bawd, and as lazy as a B——p. He has no Occaſion to tempt the Soldiers; they even go to Hell faſt enough in all Conſcience; and the infernal Agent has nothing to do, but to take a Game at Piquet, or ſo, for his Diverſion. I am informed from very good Hands, that *Lucifer* only beſtows theſe Places upon his chiefeſt Favourites; and that a Preferment of this Nature, is next to Lord-Lieutenant of that ſooty Empire.

But hold! the Devil is not ſo ugly as he is painted: An Army is an Hoſpital, where you may certainly meet with a Cure for the Wounds of the Mind, however you endanger the Body. Are you

troubled with an undutiful Parent, with a Relation who lives longer than he ſhould do, or with a termigant Devil of a Wife, here's a Remedy: Are you plagued with Wants, Bailiffs, and Lawyers? Here's a Cure for them too; a Brace of Pills, and a little Gun-powder, will effect the Buſineſs better than all the Preſcriptions of *Hans*, *Gibbons*, or *Ratcliff*.

They can't be reckoned among the Children of *Rechab*; for tho' they pay Obedience to their General, who ought to be look'd on as their Father, and live in Tents, yet they drink abundance of Wine.

'Tis a Rendezvous of Beaſts of Prey; and as the Ark contain'd Creatures wild and tame, ſo you have here Variety of the firſt; but if you expect any of the other Sort, you may be miſtaken, unleſs a few Female Warriors, that come now and then to viſit an Uncle, Brother, or Couſin German, may be reckon'd in that Number.

The Scholars will have it, that an Army is *Ultima Ratio Regum*, the laſt Reaſon which Kings uſually offer; and that when other Arguments fail, they make Uſe of this, as moſt irreſiſtable and convincing. But the Politicians may talk what they will of the Matter, if a plundered Boor was to preach of Reaſon to his Landlord a Dragoon, Lord bleſs us! how the Landlord in Red would lay him over the Noddle! Or ſuppoſe a Gentleman of the Long Robe ſhould cant of Reaſon to a Carcaſs piping-hot from that terrible Engine a Mortar-piece, I can't but think what a Daſh in the Chops 'twould give the poor Fellow; 'tis ten Pounds to a Shilling, 'twould ſo ſpoil his Countenance, he'd never look like an honeſt Man afterwards.

'Tis a Sanctuary for inſolvent Debtors, where an honeſt Fellow, over a Glaſs of Gin may laugh at the ſeveral Colleges of the *King's Bench*, *Fleet*, and

and *Newgate*; and no more value an Eſcape Warrant, tho' granted by my Lord Chief Juſtice himſelf, than the Scoundrel did the Lord Mayor of this Honourable City, whom he bid kiſs his Arſe, when he had got upon *Highgate-Hill*.

Xerxes wept to ſee his Army, conſidering, that a few Years would put a Period to thoſe numerous Brigades. But ſhould he return to Life again, he'd laugh as heartily as he cried before, reflecting at the Folly of 100,000 Coxcombs, who venture their Lives for the poor ſtipend of a Groat a Day.

An Army is the true Reſemblance of the Lion's Den in the Fable; 'twill puzzle the mathematical Head of a *Flamſtead*, to tell you the Numbers that go thither; but a crop hair'd School boy, who has learnt but three Months to write, and caſt Accounts, will eaſily reckon the Numbers which return, without endangering his Hand by the *Ferrula*, *Veſtigia pauca retrorſum*. It reſembles, in one Senſe the Pool of *Betheſda*, mentioned in the Holy Goſpel; there's abundance of Cripples to be found there, but with this Difference, to thoſe unhappy Wretches; from the firſt they drew their Cure, and the laſt reduc'd them to this maim'd Condition. This, like all other great Bodies, moves heavily; but if you attack it with a ſuperior Force at the Poſtern Gate, 'twill march as nimble as an Overſeer of the Poor to a Pariſh Collation.

Tho' the Army deals in Wounds and Baſtinadoes, Sorts of ſcurvy Commodities, yet they're a civil, courteous People in one Reſpect, for they ſeldom refuſe any Body into their Society; and you need no other Qualifications to rig you out with, than Impudence, and Folly: But the Devil of it is, a Man often pays too much for his *ſex partite* Alchove; and if he eſcapes with his Head, and a Brace of Members, from the Fortune of War, he has a good Title to *Chelſea College*, or

to demand Contribution from well diſpoſed Chriſtians; and deſpiſe at once both Conſtables and Beadles.

'Tis true, they are not the beſt Chriſtians; but no Men follow the Rule of not providing for To-morrow, better than themſelves; and to ſpeak the plain Matter of Fact, they are in the right of it; for To-morrow takes Care of them, and either provides them with Plunder, and other Appurtenances of War, or ſhovels them amongſt that Maſs of Matter where they have no Occaſion for their daily Bread.

They ſay, no Graſs grows wherever the Grand Seignior's Horſe ſets his Foot; if ſo, our Squadrons have much the better of it; for no ſooner are our inquiſitive Dragoons in an Enemy's Country, but they can raiſe, as it were out of the Duſt, Corn, Hay, and all Manner of Contributions.

The Inhabitants towards the *Weſt* of *England*, have an odd Way of burning their Ground to make it fruitful. I verily believe, they have communicated their Secrets to our Armies; for no ſooner are forty or fifty Acres of Corn ſet on fire by one modern *Samſon*, but there enſues an immediate Plenty in the Camp, and the Farmers in Red always reap an extraordinary Harveſt.

But as terrible as the Cannon is, the Smoak of it is very fructifying; and a Burgher's Wife, who goes two or three Times a Week to ſmell Gunpowder, is as ſure of a Receipt againſt Barrenneſs, as a good Woman who makes a Journey to *Tunbridge*, *Epſom*, or the Spaws in *Yorkſhire*.

Juno kept her Chariot at *Samos*; *Venus* her Magazine of Love's Artillery on the delicious Plains of *Cyprus*; but the Devil builds his Arſenal of Death in an Army; and from thence ſhoots far and wide his deſtructive Arrows.

Our Men at Arms are mightily chang'd from the

the Knights of Antiquity; in thoſe fighting Days the Sons of *Mars* never minded their Bellies; and we never read of the leaſt Proviſion that they carried with them over barren Sands and Deſarts, whilſt they were in ſearch after their glorious Adventures. Alas! thoſe good Men had no Stomach but to fight; and our modern Blades perfectly reverſe the Scene, and have little Stomach, but to eat.

After all, it muſt be acknowledged, that ſince Cannons, Bombs, Carcaſſes, and red hot Bullets have been in Faſhion, a Soldier has but a ſcurvy Time of it. Before a two-handed Fellow, ſuch as *Achilles* in *Homer*, had nothing to do, but to implore ſome divine Black ſmith to make him a Suit of Armour; with the Aſſiſtance of which impenetrable Steel and a Scull as impenetrable, the Heroick Lubber would make no more of breaking through a Regiment, than a modern Soldier would of devouring a Capon.

Of a Regiment, or Battalion.

A Regiment is a Corporation, which conſiſts of ſeveral Individuals, detached from *Bridewell*, the *King's-Bench*, the *Fleet*, *Newgate*, and the *Compters*; but whoever ſays it's a Body politick, are confoundedly miſtaken: For would any Man, in his ſober Senſes, take the Trouble of marching into *Spain* or *Germany*, in Order to have his Brains beat about his Ears, when there are ſo many decent Ways of converting One's Perſon to the ſame Uſe here at home? when *London* or *Weſtminſter bridge* is ſituated ſo conveniently for wetting a poor Soul in this World, that is likely to be over-roaſted in the next?

next? And when the elevated *Cupola* of St. *Paul's*, or the Monument, with Tenderneſs and Affection, ſtands prepared to receive any Perſon who is inclinable to break his Neck, with that Grandeur, Pomp, and Magnificence, as would do a Man's Heart good to throw himſelf off it?

It may be properly termed the Church Militant; for they pray heartily when in Affliction, and faſt too, when no Proviſion is to be got, with all imaginable Humiliation, till the next Convoy brings them ſtore of *Bread* and *Geneva*; inſpired with which, they are ready to prove their Religion orthodox, by the infallible Arguments of Sword and Fuzee, againſt all its Enemies, the *Pope*, the *Turk*, and the *Devil*.

Over a *Bottle* or *Flaggon*, they ſwear they love each other like a Brother; but the truer Expreſſion would be like a Father; and ſo they do in Reality: For the Subaltern prays as heartily for his ſuperior Officer's hanging, drowning, or knocking of the Head, as a young ungodly Heir does for that unconſcionable, long-liv'd Miſer, his Father.

The very Spirit of the *Divan* is got into our *Battalions*; they think the Removal of one Officer the ſure way of raiſing the other; and they are ſo whimſical, or cruel, as to imagine no Pair of Stairs ſo conducive to Preferment, as thoſe which are made over the mangled Bodies of their dying Friends and Companions.

Tho' it is a large Body, yet 'tis as nimble as an Eel in the Mud, when the Adjutant's Cane hangs over the Head of the *Battalion*, and knows its right Hand from its left at two or three Months old, which is more than can be ſaid of ever an Infant in *Chriſtendom*.

They are always more expenſive of the Powder, than of their Lead; as they are of their Oaths,

Oaths, than their Money; and 'twould be dangerous, to truſt a private Centinel with edged Tools upon every Occaſion, who might eaſily revenge, in a Cloud of Smoke, the Drubs and Domineering he received from a worſer Man than himſelf.

'Tis a very religious Society, that's moſt evident, though not ſo pretending as ſome others; for they very civilly go to Prayers once a *Sunday*, when the Chaplain of the Regiment is at Leiſure to attend his Cure, and decently rob, plunder, and raviſh all the Week afterwards.

They ought to be ſuppoſed very good-natur'd too; for no ſooner does a Company of them ſpy a ſtray Lamb, or a Pig, but they take the mute Orphan into their Protection.

They can't be term'd very viſcious, when their Chaſtity is ſo conſpicuous, and their Deſigns of Change ſo circumſcribed, that a ſingle Wench has been Paramour to a whole Body, and ſerved both in waſhing their Linen, and other neceſſary Occaſions.

They are great Lovers of Wine, but they don't much care for it in an Enemy's Country; and had rather pay for it at home, than have it Abroad *gratis*: Quite contrary to the Temper of your *London* Sparks and Ladies, that can't reliſh a Diſh of Fruit or green Peaſe, unleſs they ſee them gathered out of a Garden.

There's never a Colonel in *Chriſtendom*, and that's a proud Word, can fill up all the Vacancies in a Regiment; for ſtill there will be a Vacancy in their Heads, in their Duty, and in their Pay.

If you was to view a Regiment when foraging, you'd imagine them as induſtrious as a Commonwealth of Piſmires: But alas! their Forage, or their Plunder is never long-lived; they are above laying

laying up for Winter; and such an Action would resemble a Burgher of *Lombard-Street*, rather than a Gentleman-Dragoon, or Grenadier.

They are certainly the most familiar of Men; for no sooner are they in strange Quarters, but they think themselves at home, and treat the Master, Mistress, and Servants of the Family, as if they had been acquainted with them as many Years, as they have seen them Minutes; and known their very Nature better than *Case* or *Trotter* could do upon Inspection of their Physiognomies. Says a tall Fellow to the Hostler, *You Son of a Whore, here, draw off my Boots.* Whilst a second demands in as civil a Manner, *What makes the Bitch of a Maid so long in making a Fire!*

They can't be said to be very cunning Fellows, for as cunning as they are, they often shoot besides the Mark.

'Tis a Body which contains several Souls; and though they suffer a Purgatory here and hereafter, 'tis a great Question whether they will be saved, as by Fire.

They are in Fee with *Charon*, and the Furies, to send them Store of Customers, as the Constables, Headboroughs, and Beadles of the City and Suburbs are brib'd by the Keepers of *Bridewell*, *New Prison*, &c. to find Inhabitants for their detested Mansions; and without the Rage of the first, and the pious Endeavours of the latter, both their Devilish Apartments would lie dead upon their Hands.

If a raw Fellow has a smattering Principle of Honesty, he starves like a Man of Honour, till in a little Time he is jeer'd out of it by his Companions, as ridiculous Madness: For what should *Honesty*, poor Girl, do amongst Soldiers.

She has a Sister too, call'd *Modesty*, who no more care to smell Gun-powder, than an A——n, or a Beau.

Tho'

Tho' they have a great deal of active Valour, they have very little of the paſſive. They don't, like the primitive Chriſtians, court the Swords, Halbets, and Partizans of the Wicked. And tho' both they, and their Horſes, generally ſpeaking, ſtand Fire well enough, yet I'll engage they'll never bear roaſting in *Smithfield.*

Tho' they are a Sort of profligate Fellows, and are no more like that religious Regiment of *Romans*, whoſe Piety and Prayers made Heaven their Auxiliary, and called for the Bolts of the moſt High to aſſiſt a *Pagan* Emperor; tho' they no more reſemble them, than an honeſt Man does an Agent, yet they can ſhew pretty Tricks when they are drawn together, with their Artillery in the Front: They can make a greater Noiſe than the Brazen Bridge, when it mimick'd the Bellowing of the Skies; and after all, they properly deſerve the Character of a thundering Regiment.

We frequently find as many Tongues in a Regiment, as there were at the Confuſion of *Babel*; But there's no Fear of theſe Warriors erecting a Tower as high as the Heavens; you may depend upon it, they build nothing but Sconces.

They're no more a Parcel of Conjurers, than My L— M——— and the C——t of A——— n; nor Sorcerers than the Lions of *Eſſex*; yet they can raiſe a Storm, Thunder, and Lightening quicker than the Witches in the Tempeſt.

They never pray, nor uſe any religious Worſhip before a Battle; that would be mean and cowardly. Beſides, perchance, in ſuch a Caſe, they might call again to Remembrance ſome few venial Sins, which have long ſince ſlipt the Gripes of their Conſcience. Such a Piece of Folly would, in all Likelihood, diſpirit and render them leſs reſolute and daring; or, may be, they might put Heaven in Mind of ſome former Offences; and

 then,

then, indeed, the Lord knows what would become of them. For theſe Reaſons, they carefully omit that Drudgery.

If they were to make their Wills, as they may eaſily do of their Goods and Chattels, I'd adviſe them to beſtow their Modeſty on the Ladies of *Covent Garden* : their good Manners on a *Middleſex* Juſtice of Peace ; and their Sharpneſs on a judicious Baron.

Yet, after all their Failings, they have one Virtue which nobody can, in Juſtice, deny them ; and that is, their great Care of ſuch Goods and Chattels as are left behind by a deceaſed Brother Soldier. Reſt his Soul, he has forty Executors in an Inſtant, and without the Expence of Time and Money, which they plague us with the Loſs of at *Doctors-Commons*. Whilſt a good Fellow may throw down a Dram of the Bottle, they adminiſter to whatever falls in their Clutches ; ſell the ſame upon a Drum-head, without making any Inventory, and keep the neat Profits, you may aſſure yourſelf, for the Benefit of the Widow, or Orphan.

Of a Captain-General.

HE is the very Point of the Spear ; is honoured with the higheſt Preferment, and the greateſt Truſt that can well be conferred upon a Soldier. In King *William*'s Time, we knew not what this Poſt meant in a Subject, unleſs the Commiſſion of Duke *Schombergh* be alledg'd to the contrary. That Monarch, out of his Inclinations to War, and good Huſbandry, retain'd this Commiſſion in his own Hands ; and, by that Means, kept

of his Profeſſion. If he ſhould live in Peace, it might be ſaid of him, as of a Shoemaker, that he was got beyond his Laſt; and therefore, is of the ſame Opinion with our great Aſſembly, that no Treaty with *France* can be ſafe and honourable, till the exorbitant Power of that Monarch is reduc'd to Reaſon.

If his Father left him no mighty paternal Inheritance of Acres, he is more beholding to *Fortune*, who allows him a fair Field to make the beſt of, that's his next Wiſh to being *Captain-General*; and he takes Care to make a good Harveſt, by cutting down the Enemy's. As for black Cattle, and ſuch like neceſſary Plunder, they are generally ſold to a Butcher, for fear the Army ſhould be poiſoned, by killing and eating Carrion for good Meat. But as bold a Fellow as the Purchaſer is, he very rarely carries off his Bargain. When he has drove his horned Regiment a Mile or two from the Camp, 'tis ten to one, but he meets with another Party, which makes a Diſtreſs for the Benefit of His Majeſty's Soldiers; and without any more Ceremony, ariſe, kill, and eat; ſafely conducting back the Reſidue the ſame Way they came, to the inexpreſſible Joy of their hungry Companions.

To look upon his Plate, his Tapeſtry, and the Furniture of his Tent, you'd believe it impoſſible that the Time was, when he carried a brown Muſket on his Shoulder; but the World is well chang'd with him. Nor is it ſo ſtrange, he ſhould make a Collection of ſuch pretty Moveables; *France*, *Spain*, and the *Indies* are but his Ware-houſes; wherever he marches, he finds an ample Harveſt ſufficient to reward his Labour, and *Briarius* himſelf never had ſo many Hands to get it in.

By the Richneſs of his Pavilion, you'd think it the Palace of ſome mighty Monarch. His Muſick

drowns

drowns all Noiſe that proves ungrateful to his Repoſe; and in the very Act of War, he enjoys all the Luxuries of Peace, and raiſes the Grandeur of his Family.

He is far from thirſting after the Life of his Enemies; he knows how to bleed them a better Way. He is averſe alſo to military Execution; and thinks it a Shame, that fine Villages, and open Towns, ſhould be reduced to Aſhes, when the Inhabitants are for *Paſſive-Obedience*, and pay their Contributions quietly.

In Winter he leaves his high Command, and repairs to the Fountain of his Honour, the Court; where, by his Addreſs and Management, you'd believe he was in his native Air, though the greateſt Part of his Life has been ſpent in a rougher Climate; where we leave him to taſte the Satisfaction due to an extraordinary Merit.

Of a Major-General.

A Major-General is a Perſon who commands next to the Lieutenant-General; and is the ſame as the preceding Officers, in moſt of his Qualifications.

Being next Oars to Preferment, you may aſſure yourſelf he prays for the Life of his Superior, with the ſame Zeal and Intereſt, that the next Heir ſolicites Heaven to prolong the Days of his rich curmudgeonly Father.

Of all Things in the World, he loves the abſolute Command of a ſtrong Detachment in an Enemy's Country.

'Tis well for him, we have no Deputies in the Army, as is practiſed by the States of *Holland*. If

but

but two or three of our Country Gentlemen, who repreſent their reſpective Burroughs in the Senate, ſhould peep into his magnificent Apartments, *Lord bleſs us!* what a Noiſe they'd make the next Seſſions? And how they'd roar out againſt exceſſive Taxes to maintain Scarlet Luxury?

He is ſo much a free-born Subject, that he hates all Monopolies, and can never forgive the *French* King that unpardonable Crime of engroſſing ſo much good Wine to Catholic Drinking only, as yearly proceeds from the fragrant Vintages of *Champaign* and *Burgundy*.

If the old unfaſhionable Way of making *Speeches before a Battle*, was to revive again in the World, what a noble Oration might our late Hero have made to his Soldiers: he might have ſcorned to have reminded them of their ancient Valour, or the Glory of their Anceſtors: Thoſe are common Topicks, known now a-days to every School-Boy. No, He had more ſublime Thoughts to go upon. "Gentlemen, *he might have ſaid*, you have none but a few *French* Scoundrels to deal with, the Remainders of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*; a Parcel of ſober *Mahometan* Dogs, who have not the Courage to taſte of the Vine, or drink the delicious Fruits of their own Labours. They're a Pack of weak, paſſive-obedient Raſcals; but their Wine is generous, ſtrong, and ungovernable; therefore, fight, Gentlemen, with the ſame Spirit you drink, and all their Caſks, Buts, and Hogſheads ſhall be ours: our conquering Swords ſhall drive them out of their Vineyards. Then, Gentlemen, nothing follows but a Peace; and under our own Vines, and Olive-Trees, we may drink to the End of the Chapter."

All Parties have had their God of War, to which they have paid their Devotions. That of the *Romans* was Honour and Concern for their

Country ; the *Danes* and *Saxons* paid their Reſpect to good Eating and Drinking ; the *Muſſel men* ador'd the Charms of Beauty ; and *Oliver* made Religion the pretended Aim of all his Enterprizes.

But our modern Generals are above theſe Methods. The Ladies they like well enough, 'tis true, but then 'tis only to lie cloſe in their Winter Quarters : And ſince too much Wine and Religion make Men mad, the Aim and Intent of all their Actions is Plunder.

Upon this, they very prudently build the Courage of the Soldier ; for every Pound we take from the *French* weighs double in the Ballance of the Government ; and a Regiment, with good Huſbandry, may ſave their Pay, live upon the Enemy, and at the End of the War, get a *French* Eſtate in Debentures.

He has always his *Aid de Camps* to attend him, to fetch, and carry his Orders, as Puppies do Gloves. Sometimes, indeed, they are ſent upon dangerous Expeditions, where the Bullets fly as thick as falſe Oaths in Term Time ; but he has good Nature enough not to employ them everlaſtingly on ſuch perilous Adventures : Their Buſineſs only is in ſerener Times, to know how a Brother General digeſted his *Champaign* or *Burgundy* ; or how his Entertainment agreed with him the preceeding Evening.

His Tent is always guarded like the Garden of the *Heſperides*, by a waking Dragon ; that is, by a Centinel, who aſks more Queſtions than a Uſurer, before he parts with his Money on Perſonal Security. But for all this Difficulty of Acceſs, 'tis eaſy to make your Way thither, if you bring forty or fifty Guineas for an Enſign's Commiſſion.

Tho' his Eyes are not extraordinary, yet if he commands in Chief, he always ſpies well by other Peoples, to whom the State or himſelf is very liberal.

beral. Money, upon such Occasions, runs away like Ditch-water; and what for true Intelligence and false, there is constantly sunk, or lost vast Sums of that necessary Evil.

He'll no more pull off his Hat on his March, than a Quaker at the *Bull* and *Mouth* on a *Sunday*; and is as stiff as a *Presbyterian Elder*. But if the Enemy presses him too hard in the Rear, he no more values Forms and Ceremonies, than the most pliant Conformist in *Christendom*.

His Tent is his Castle, where he has as many Apartments as the King at St. *James*'s, all furnished a-la-mode *de Guerr*, with portable Commodities; and I assure you, if there's any Lumber in those Territories, it is himself.

Of a Brigadier-General.

A Brigadier is the youngest Brother amongst General Officers; but by the Grace of God, and his own pious Endeavours, he may, if he escapes the Perils of Land and Sea, arrive to the Conduct, Address, and Sufficiency of the best Officer in the Army.

He's a young General; so there are some Secrets in the War, which he is not yet acquainted with: But Time will instruct him better; like a ripening Maid he'll soon over-grow his Modesty: and in two or three Campaigns, know the Art of managing the War, as well as his superior Officers.

Upon his Preferment his Memory grows bad, and he loses by Degrees in natural Abilities, as he increases in his Fortune; for no sooner does he see the Brigade drawn out to salute him General, but he forgets an old Comerade, though they

have guzzled together, in the Days of ſhort Allowance, many a Tun of *Macklin* Beer, at a truſting Sutler's Shop in the Rear of the Regiment.

You may be ſure he's a Man of Honour; the King calls Honourable in his Commiſſion; and He, you may be certain, can't do him Injuſtice; becauſe Kings can do no Wrong: But his Creditors, perchance, may be of another Mind, and may judge by depending ſo long upon the Court, that he's grown a meer Courtier: Yet theſe are miſtaken: for no Man is more ready, or willing to pay his Debts than himſelf; but ſuch an ill-tim'd Piece of unfaſhionable Honeſty might prove of pernicious Conſequence, by giving a bad Example; and his Conſcience is ſo tender, he would not be the Occaſion of Offence for the World.

If he happens to be a little coſtive of his Courage, he has this to ſay for himſelf, that if he deſerves not the Laurel, he yet merits the Honour of a civick Garland, by retreating himſelf, and drawing many a luſty Fellow after him, out of the Peril and Danger of a Gun-ſhot.

Tho' he is without doubt a Man, yet you can't call him a ſociable Creature; for he would be, by his good Will, alone in Command, alone in Honour, and alone in Plunder; but as for the Danger of the Field, he is not averſe to ſhare that with his Soldiers; and his greateſt Enemies in this Point, can't but do him the Juſtice to affirm, he is as communicative as Heart can wiſh.

'Tis a receiv'd Opinion of Authors, both Chriſtian and Profane, that God gave to Man an upright Face, for the Creature to behold the admirable and ſtupendious Works of his Creator. This Gentleman makes the Notion good, and always walks as upright as a Midwife to a Chriſtening, at the Head of her goſſipping Infantry. But Banter laid aſide, 'tis odd to conſider, that a

Man

Man ſhould be always looking upon the Sky, and never have an Inch of Heaven in his Thoughts.

He's no mighty Friend to the Clergy; 'tis true, he uſually keeps a Chaplain for the Battalion he commands, as he does a led Horſe, more for Shew than Service: But let him be as indifferent as he pleaſes to the Sons of the Prophets, he likes Pluralities of good Livings well enough; and therefore is very ambitious of commanding two Regiments at the ſame Time, one of Foot, and another of Horſe; and if you add the Government of a Fort, Town, or Citadel, 'twill make the Variety more agreeable.

'Tis true, as we have juſt hinted, his Reſpect for the Clergy amounts to no more, than bare good Manners. He has ſeveral Reaſons for his Coolneſs; the Chief of which are, that he looks upon the Gentlemen in Black as unneceſſary Charges to the Common-wealth; that what maintains them, might with more good Huſbandry, and Politicks, be applied to the Uſe of the Church-militant; and then their Doctrines of *Paſſive Obedience* and *Non Reſiſtance* quite turn his Stomach; for were all our good People of that Opinion, what would become of his Profeſſion?

He is as abſolute, when he commands in Chief, as a *Perſian* Monarch: But the Happineſs is, his Government's but ſhort; and like all other violent Motions, never continues long.

Æneas carried his aged Father, and his Houſehold Gods, from amidſt the Flames which reduc'd unlucky *Ilium* to Aſhes; but the unlucky Misfortune of it was, he loſt his poor Doxy *Creuſa* in the Flight. But if ſuch a Rencounter ſhould happen to an Officer now a Days, 'tis a Million to Sixpence, our modern Hero would leave his Gods, and his poor Daddy in the Lurch, ſnatch up his Madam, and be packing.

He's

He's always as fine as a Midwife at a Baptiſm, or a t'other End of the Town Lady, when ſhe's to meet her Spark in the City; but what does all this good Dreſſing tend to? Why, forſooth, he is diſh'd out as the ancient Sacrifices were, with Flowers and Garlands; and perchance to the ſame Purpoſe.

As Kings are Gods over their Subjects; ſo a General is a God over his Regiment; and the poor *Tatterdemallions* Worſhip him as the *Indians* do the Devil, more out of Fear than Affection. But this ſcarlet Divinity wants the ſacred Attributes of the Almighty, his Clemency, his Goodneſs, and his Juſtice; yet, in this he reſembles the ſupreme Power; for all things under him tremble at his Preſence.

His Tent is the *Holy of Holies*, where a Centinel, with his drawn Cimitar, or his Piece ready charg'd, ſtands to guard his Honour from the Inclemency of the Air, with as much Vigilance and Caution, as the Cold Stream Regiment of Guards obſerve his Majeſty's feather'd Subjects in St. *James's Park.*

Sometimes a poor Scoundrel of a Serjeant is admitted into theſe ſacred Receſſes, uſher'd in by his Gentleman, who was formerly your old Acquaintance the Barber in *Watling-ſtreet*; and all the while the Fellow is talking, he turns his Rear directly upon him, out of pure good Manners, for fear his venerable Preſence ſtrike too great a Terror upon the humble Scoundrel.

He is eaſily diſtinguiſhed by his Gait, which is ſtately, as the Ghoſts in the *Libertine*; and the Stride he makes, is as long as Captain *Surly*'s on the Quarter-deck.

You may aſſure yourſelf he's a Gentleman, all Heroes are ſo; and if his Mother had the Honour to be viſited in her blooming Days by an Earl

Earl or a Duke, her Son's Advancement is the ſurer.

He's always finding Fault with the Exerciſe of the Battalion, and mending or marring it; as much as lies in his Power. He tells you, *Alexander*, *Cæſar*, and *Hannibal*, were pretty Generals in their Time; but there is another, who ſhall be nameleſs, who, if he was entruſted with the chief Command, would out-caſt them all the Length of his Half-Pike. But give him leave to grumble now and then, 'tis the Nature of an *Engliſhman* to do ſo; and after all is done, ſome that know him better than he does himſelf, think him neither wiſer nor braver than thoſe Officers, who ſerv'd in the Army of *Cromwell*.

He is a fighting Spark, if you dare believe him, and ſuch are ſeldom reckoned Perſons of the niceſt Judgment; but let the World ſay what it will of his Prudence, he ſufficiently maintains the Character of a Man of Senſe, by obliging the Agent to do him Juſtice; which is no more to be expected from that Puzzler of Accounts, than from a Lawyer, a Highwayman, or a Pick-pocket.

He can foreſee a bloody Campaign, better than *Partridge or Flamſtead* could; and the friendly Gout, or ſome other well-tim'd Diſeaſe, always ſeizes him on ſuch Occaſions; and then he has nothing to do but to retire to *Tunbridge*, or the *Bath*, ſend his Lieutenant Colonel to the Honour, and the Danger, and ſet up the next Promotion for a higher Command.

He's a Swallow that always flies to a fiery Climate; and like that Bird too, you never ſee him but in the Seaſon of Proſperity.

The Divines think him in a State of Damnation, for contradicting the original Bleſſing which God beſtowed upon the World; *viz. Encreaſe, and Multiply*, they are apt to imagine, that his Profeſſion runs

runs retrograde to this charming Injunction; but they may talk as long as they pleaſe upon the Matter, he's no ſuch Perſon as the World takes him to be; and I'll engage, he gets half a Dozen for every one he kills.

He's a better Muſician than *Orpheus*; for that Poetical Fidler could only make the Woods and Stones dance to the Numbers of his Lyre, and give Life to thoſe inanimate Subſtances: But this Gentleman can do more that that; for by the rumbling of a Drum, he can perſuade Fellows to be knock'd on the Head; and 'tis a thouſand times more difficult Matter to get a Fellow into the Humour of going out of the World, than 'tis to bring him into it.

Fabius was reckon'd the Buckler of the *Roman* State; *Marcellus* was reputed the Sword; but this honeſt Gentleman is both Sword and Buckler of our Common-wealth, if you dare believe him.

But for all he's dreſs'd as glittering as the Sun, yet your Colonel of our City-Infantry, makes every whit as good a Figure, when he marches to *Finsbury*. Then for the fighting Part, you muſt allow the rich Burgher the moſt dangerous Man, being doubly arm'd with natural and artificial Weapons.

Of a Colonel.

A Colonel is the beſt Poſt in a Regiment, or an honeſt Gentleman now living is very much miſtaken; therefore you need not doubt, but he thanks Heaven very ſeriouſly, that has permitted him an Employment, which the beſt Aſtrologer in *Chriſtendom* would never have gueſs'd he'd have arriv'd

arriv'd at, if they had ſeen him mount the Guard in *Tangier*, with a brown Muſket on his Shoulder, and never a Souſe in his Pocket.

To his great good Fortune, Queen *Dowager*'s Portion was demoliſh'd; or 'tis a thouſand to one, but he had ſlept with his Fathers in the ſultry Regions of *Africa*, and mingl'd his valiant Duſt with the unſanctify'd Atoms of *Muſſelmen* and *Infidels*. But it ſeems, *Fate* decreed it otherwiſe; the Fortifications of that Town were level'd with the Earth, and our Hero march'd away loaded with Honour and a Snap-ſack; and may juſtly, by the Conſequence of the Town's being blown up, affirm, that *'Tis an ill Wind which blows no Body good.*

Age naturally bends us downwards, and ſhews the Grave, where we muſt all inhabit: But this Gentleman is the Reverſe of human Frailty; and the older he grows, the ſtiffer he is, and the more erect in his parading. He walks as ſtrait as his Half-Pike; and like that is good for little but in the Day of Battle.

Notwithſtanding his ſolemn Marches, yet he muſt be computed a merry Fellow; for the Haut-boys play before him almoſt every Day in the Year. The ſprightly Sound drags on the poor Fellows thorough Dirt and Mire, whilſt their Commander looks to the Right about on his ragged Infantry with greater Pleaſure, than a Prieſt ſurveys his illegitimate Off-ſpring.

Charm'd with this Muſick, the Soldiers prove themſelves not more inſenſible than Sticks and Stones, but dance at the Diſcretion of the Colonel; yet it may be obſerv'd, that the Captains of the Regiment always pay the Piper.

He can't give the leaſt Credit to the Story of *Alexander*, who dreamt, when *Ptolemy* was wounded with a poiſon'd Arrow, that he ſaw a Herb in his

Sleep which would cure the Wound, and aſſwage the malignant Venom. When the King awak'd, he deſcrib'd the Herb, and ordered a Search to be made after it. It was found, and upon applying it to the Hurt, made good the ſleeping Fancy of the Emperor. But this is Heathen *Greek* to our Officer; for he never dreams of the Health, or Welfare of his Soldiers. He is ſenſible, that they fight for their Pay, and are knock'd on the Head upon the ſame Account; ſo he never heeds whether they die or recover; if they happen to kick up their Heels, well and good, he ſends his Mirmidons to raiſe more. In the mean Time he is ſo conſcientious, that he would have all his Underlings do their Duty. No Matter for unneceſſary Toil and Wounds, the Common-wealth muſt have their Penny-worth for their Penny.

Yet he has ſo much Conſideration for the Good of the Regiment, that if a Gentleman goes into the Land of Forgetfulneſs, and the Agent, or the Government is deeply indebted to him, he takes Care, that an Executor be forthcoming, who very cautiouſly preſerves the Effects, which might otherwiſe have been ſunk in Oblivion, till the deceas'd comes to demand them.

If a young Volunteer has ſome Feature of his Honour's Countenance, he likes him never the worſe for it; and perchance the lucky Hint that may be taken from a Noſe, or an Eye, may be a Ladder to his Preferment; admitting there be no Vacancy in the Regiment, 'tis eaſy to make one; and my Spark of fifteen thruſts out one of fifty, who has bore many a Brunt in *Ireland* and *Flanders*, to a Penſion or the College.

He who runs his Head againſt Stone Walls, may perhaps find his Head broke; and he who contends with his Colonel, will get little by the Bargain. Tho' there's a martial Law, yet theſe Colonels,

lonels, as an honeſt Fellow ſaid, are always tried by the Troop; and they know how to give Sentence, with as much Juſtice as any Judge at *W*———*r*.

'Tis true, now and then his Honour is a little too rapacious, and does Matters publickly; then a Malecontent may nick the Time, make the publick Good his Pretence, and oblige his Superior to do the Nation Juſtice in the Chapel of St. *Stephen*.

If Danger and Plunder go together, he, for the moſt Part, detaches ſome favourite Officer, whoſe Head, the thicker it is, the more he ſeems fit for the Hazard of the Enterprize. This is a particular Honour, and a Kindneſs into the Bargain, to make Uſe of his Paw to draw the hot Moveables out of Danger. If the bluff Tool ſucceeds, as 'tis a great Queſtion, his Superior ſtrips him of the whole; but what he loſes in Plunder, he's reaſonably certain of in Preferment.

If any ſaucy Scoundrel be ſo reſolute as to pretend to a Share in the Chattels, ge's mark'd out as a Perſon endeavouring to raiſe a Mutiny in the Army; and if he is not very circumſpect in this Matter, the Provoſt, and his Worſhip may be but too well acquainted.

Let the World think what they will of this Action, 'tis a conſummate Piece of Prudence and Circumſpection; for ſhould a poor Fellow have too much Money in his Pocket, he might be apt to get drunk, and neglect his Duty. Beſides, altogether it may be reckon'd a pretty round Sum, and will ſerve well enough to make a Figure with in Winter-Quarters; and ſo he very wiſely takes away the Occaſion of ill Huſbandry.

The Agent would be greater than his Maſter, and get into the Parliament houſe before the other could purchaſe a Chariot, if the Colonel would give him leave; but he's more a Man

of Honour than to do ſo; for ſuch an Action would be Wickedneſs without Profit; the ſcribbling Accountant would run away with all the Gains, and leave them nothing more than the Infamy.

Theſe little Miſunderſtandings are the Happineſs of a Regiment, which never looks better, than when 'tis foul Weather in thoſe Quarters; and quite contrary to the Proverb, *Betwixt theſe two Stools the Soldier's A— keeps from the Ground.*

He keeps a Table now and then to entertain a Brother Officer; at which, if a Subaltern is admitted, he pays too dear for the Paultry Refreſhment. He muſt be mute all the while at Dinner, and hear the inſufferable Vanity of the Inviter: Like Sir *Crape* he muſt retire at the Concluſion of the Repaſt, whilſt the Colonel, and his Brother take a cherrupping Cup to arm their Honours againſt Danger; and 'tis very much, if this Council of War breaks up till the powerful Gods of Wine and Sleep make them Priſoners.

They ſeldom talk of ancient Generals, ſuch as *Marius*, *Phyrrus*, and *Scipio*: God knows whether there were ever ſuch Men or no; if they can, they are not at Leiſure to read over *Plutarch* and *Polibius*; thoſe were *Pagans*, and ſo they'll have nothing to do with them; they rather fall upon the Behaviour of their Subalterns, who are ſure of being ſeverely criticis'd upon, yet their Averſions to them is not ſo great, but all may be made up with a Preſent; and the Youth fares never the worſe, tho' he ſets upon the Colonel himſelf with a golden Weapon.

But if People will be making Diſtractions in an Army, raiſing Mutinies, and ſo forth, or inſpecting into the Actions of their Betters, there's yet a Way to be found to make them quiet. Letting Blood is the beſt Cure in the World for ſuch mad Men:

Men: Send theſe Malecontents to an Attack, or a Siege, and the Buſineſs is done. Dead Men tell no Stories.

He can foreſee a Storm, better than the Maſter himſelf of a Man of War; ſo he prudently lays up againſt a rainy Day. Let it blow high or low, and bluſter thro' all the Points of the Compaſs, yet he dares ſtand the Brunt; and can weather it too, if he's well balanced with the Oar of *Potoſi*.

But after all's done and ſaid, he muſt be a very good Man; for he cloaths the Naked, pays them conſtantly, provides for Vagrants, ſets the Poor on Work, and defends them from their mercileſs Creditors.

Of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

A Lieutenant-Colonel is, for the moſt Part, a brave and honeſt Fellow, till a Regiment ſpoils him, and makes him Heir to the Caprices and Extravagances, as well as the Honours of his Predeceſſors.

The Airs of *St. James's* and *Richmond* can ſtrangely influence human Actions; and have a much greater Power over the Souls of Mankind, than all the Stars of the *Arabians*, or the Planets of *Ptolemy*, *Tycho Brahe*, or *Copernicus*; for theſe imaginary Worlds, after they have laid their Heads together, and made two or three Conjunctions, can only, by ſome Aſtrological Proxy, diſcover a Thief when he has nimm'd a Silver Tankard, or a Caudle-Cup: But the Royal Climates I have mentioned, can, in an Inſtant, transform an honeſt Man into a Sharper, by giving him a C———l's Commiſſion;

Commiſſion ; or reduce the ſame Animal from a Lion to a Lamb, by revoking a too eaſy Conceſſion.

He conſtantly plies in the Drawing Room at Court, and his Generals levy with the ſame Aſſiduity and Submiſſion, as a young Batchelor of Divinity, who cringes for Preferment. He is conſtant as the Looking-Glaſs in the Apartments of his Superior ; and, like thoſe deceitful Mirrors, flatters all Perſons, who think it worth their while to make their Addreſſes to him.

By his obliging Air and Civility, you'd think him as good natur'd as a Puppy-Dog ; but if ever he attains to the Mark he drives at, ne'er a Veteran in *Chriſtendom* will ſurpaſs him for Haughtineſs and Snarling.

His Pride is like the Farmer's Dreſs put on by Monſieur *Harlequin*, in the Emperor of the Moon. He can, at his Diſcretion, wear it, if he thinks fitting to appear a Gentleman Farmer ; but if 'tis noxious to his Intereſt, he can, with the ſame Eaſe as that Comical *Italian*, aſſume the Figure of a plain Baker, ſitting in his Cart, till he finds a better Opportunity of reviving his Pretenſions.

By ſo often walking near the Canal, he has learnt to conform his Temper, by the Prudence of his Majeſty's Ducks and Widgeons : When Company appears, that ſupercilious Haughtineſs now covered over with the Vail of Humility, dives out of Sight ; but as ſoon as the Coaſt is clear, and he may ſafely ſhew himſelf in his natural Colours, up again he ſtarts above Water.

Whenever he's Colonel, he vows to live regularly : For now, as Sir *John Falſtaff* ſays, he grows out of all Compaſs ; and then he proteſts he'll quit old Scores, and make the Vintners round St. *James*'s eaſy in their Arrears. But in the mean Time, they muſt reſt themſelves contented, if the

World

world looks a-wry. He knows how to protect them from their Creditors, and excuse them from Duty: So he makes them Satisfaction himself, by putting them in a Way of making no Satisfaction to others.

Archimedes was so intensive on his Studies, when *Marcellus* took the Town of *Syracusa*, and so dumb-founded his Head with Mathematical Lines and Inventions, that he never took Notice of the Town's being taken; or of the rustical Soldier, who soon after knock'd his Brains out: And I'll engage, should a conquering Party break in upon our Officer in any of the Houses of his Resort about Eleven in the Evening, he'd as little stir for the Matter; for 'tis odds about that Hour, but his Honour would be incapable of marching off.

But if a Regiment does not fall into his Hands, as sometimes we all know a brave Fellow hangs an Arse in the Road of Preferment, he streight casts about to mend his Fortune by a Stratagem. What does he, but lay Siege to a rich Widow, battering her Port-holes with all the Artillery he can raise, well knowing, that by one lucky Thrust made upon such a Party, he may as soon obtain a Regiment, as by a Thousand Attacks on the Enemy.

But if after some Labour and Attendance, he falls short of his Aim, 'tis odds but he throws up his Commission; and to beat his ill Usage (as he imagines) out of his Head, for the rest of his Life, whilst Nature gives him Leave, he puts himself upon the double Duty of Drinking and Whoring.

Of a Major.

A Major is the Pilot of the Regiment, who is, or ſhould be, as good an Officer as any in it. He, like the Maſter in a *Man of War*, if he happens to ſteer amiſs, the Battalion is as likely to periſh by Fire, as the floating Caſtle by Water.

He gives the *Word of Command* with as majeſtick an Air, as a Sea-Captain bids his Steward bring up Dinner. His Voice ſounds as deep as a Kettle-Drum; and you may eaſily imagine what the Caſk contains by its Rumbling.

The Soldier apprehends his Cane, as much as the poor Sailors do the Cat of Nine Tails of the Boatſwain; and upon the Motion of this Mathematical Inſtrument; a poor Fellow ſhall outſtrip the Wind, whilſt he runs the Gauntlet thro' the Regiment, for needs muſt he go, whom the Devil drives.

Tho' you'd think him half a Parſon, by his continually bidding the Battalion to have a Care, yet his reconciling Temper is not to be ſo much relied on; for the Regiment ſeldom parts, without falling by his Means into Diviſions.

His Horſe can ſtand Fire as well as his Soldiers, and performs all his Paces as regularly, as the Corporals do their Exerciſe; ſo that Philoſophers are divided, whether he, or an unmanageable Soldier, be the diſcreeter Animal.

His Horſe is generally a *Barb*, either by Birth, or Extraction; and though he has no more Religion than his Rider, yet he makes as many Bows as a *Franciſcan* to an Image.

'Tis

'Tis reported of *Bucephalus*, the Horſe of *Alexander*, that he uſed, upon all Occaſions, to kneel down, in Order to take up his Royal Maſter: But this Horſe of the Major's has as good a Trick, for he kneels to ſet him down.

By his conſtant Exerciſes, you'd think him a very regular Man; but every Thing at firſt Sight is not to be depended on: Notwithſtanding all his Rules and Directions, 'tis much if he lives not at Rack and Manger.

He can play more Tricks with the Regiment, than a Jugler with a Pack of Cards; and draw it into more Figures, Lines, and Triangles, than the beſt Mathematician in *London* is acquainted with. But the poor Fellows, mean while, have a rare Time of it, and muſt bear a thouſand Fatigues, to ſhew the Major's Experience in the Art Military; and after all is done, he uſes them as Gameſters do their Counters; when he has ſet them up and down, and play'd with them at his Diſcretion, at laſt having not the Game, that is, the Reputation of a ſkilful Soldier, he throws them by, and they may be burnt, or go to the Devil, for any Thing he cares for the Scoundrels.

If he's very ſevere over his Rake-ſhames, he may fare never the better for it. And I'd adviſe a Gentleman, who is too free of his Cane, when he comes to Action, to poſt himſelf in the Rear of the Regiment.

Tho' he exerciſes the Regiment to a Nicety, yet his Wife complains very much of his Conduct; and frequently, over a Dram of the Bottle, tells her goſſipping Companions, how much he neglects his Duty; and indeed, the ruby-fac'd Lady commands the whole Battalion, as *Themiſtocle*'s Son govern'd all *Athens*; for the Major gives Orders to the Regiment, and the Lady orders him as ſhe pleaſes; and notwithſtanding his be-

ing a puſhing Man, ſhe can beat him at his own Weapon.

This She-Major mentions the Regiment with as many endearing Expreſſions, as if it was her Lap-dog; and by calling it ſo often our *Dear Battalion*, and our poor Regiment, you'd think by her Kindneſs to it, each of the Members of this collected Body, had made a Campaign in her branny Quarters.

Of a Captain of the Guards.

A *Captain of the Guards* bears a Lieutenant-Colonel's Commiſſion, and takes Poſt as ſuch, according to his Superiority. This all arrive to by their Purchaſe or Merit; but there are but few of the latter.

When Gentlemen of Quality have run out their Eſtates, they frequently ſeek a Refuge in the Guards; and purchaſing one of theſe warm Employments, hope to retrieve their Fortunes, by plundering other Peoples.

Many younger Brothers of our beſt Families, think this Poſt a Bleſſing; and if they can by any Means obtain it, they are above laying Leg over a Widow, tho' ſhe was an only Child, and her Father went to the Devil.

But it often falls out, that *Nature*, as well as *Fortune*, qualifies a young Spark for this Employment; and if the lucky Page ſupplies the Chaplain's Duty with a good Grace, and adminiſters ſome bodily Conſolation to his ancient Lady, preſently a Commiſſion in the Guards is look'd out for him; ſome Friends advance the Money, and he ſees himſelf poſſeſſed of a Company, without ſtopping (as a great many good Fellows are forced to do) at the Avenues of Enſign and Lieutenant.

Thus

Thus ſtinking of the Oaſe from whence he came, and having been ſucceſsful over the Ladies, he hopes to meet with the ſame good Fortune amongſt the Men; ſo neglecting his ſuperior Officers, and treating his Inferior with Inſolence, and ill Breeding, he's at laſt call'd before a Court-Martial by one, and behind *Southampton-Houſe* by the other, and is forc'd by Lies and baſe Submiſſion, to compound with both for his Remiſſneſs and Brutality.

He would make an excellent Partizan, for he knows every Magazine of good Proviſion from *Soho* to *Spittle fields*, which the *French* are poſſeſs'd of; and they can hardly dreſs a Diſh of good Meat, but he has immediate Intelligence; and be ſure upon the firſt Notice, he marches out to fall in with the Detachment of thoſe who guard the Convoy to the Table; and by the Force of his Club, never goes away without Share of the Belly-Plunder.

Out of pure Affection to his Majeſty, he drinks his Health as he would his Miſtreſs's, and generally topes ſo long, that his Body becomes as feveriſh as his Mind, not that he cares a Souſe for the Liquor; but he does it out of a politick Conſideration, and a Reſpect for the Government, that the poor Fellow of the Houſe may be able to pay his Taxes, and the Merchant no Loſer by the Importation of Wines; fir'd with which, he takes a Whim over Night to change into a Battalion Abroad; but the next Morning growing cooler, he's contented with attacking the *French* at *Pontack*'s.

He little eſteems a Soldier, who ſometimes works, and ſometimes does Duty. He's of the ſame Opinion of the Satyr, that ſuch a one blows hot and cold, and that the induſtrious Scoundrel can't well perform his Obligation to two Maſters: therefore he diſmiſſes his Duty, and receives his Pay, out out of pure Reſpect to the Publick, becauſe the Go-

vernment ſhould not be cheated, by paying its Money to a Fellow who performs his Work but by Halves.

To ſhew himſelf a Perſon who is not factious, or inclinable to eſpouſe Parties, he neither goes to Church or Meeting: ſo all the World muſt allow him to be a moderate Man If he was to viſit one of them, moſt certainly 'twould be the Church, becauſe his Majeſty conſtantly repairs thither. And whatever you may judge of his Parts, he knows the World ſo well, as not to ſtickle againſt Occaſional Conformity.

But to ſay he never goes to Church, is an Error. Now and then, but very ſeldom, he is ſeen there; it is chiefly with a pious Intent to ſhew his fine Cloaths, and to thank God he is free from Danger.

He never concerns himſelf at Robberies, or Burglaries; the more the merrier: And he is able by Dint of Logick to convince you, that the more Thieves and Pick-pockets the better. Indeed, he does not much care for that P———t call'd an Agent; but as for the other Sorts of harmleſs Refugees, he likes them well enough; for upon their being found guilty at the *Old Bailey*, their Lot is to be ſent into the Service; and he is in hopes, that ſome of them may fall to his Share, who are ſure of being quickly draughted out for *Flanders*, or elſe where Abroad; and by that Means, his Honour has it in his Power to keep his Faggots in his Cellar; from which he can raiſe a better Penny, than e'er a Coal-Merchant in the City, or Suburbs.

Not long ſince a Blockhead of a Serjeant had ſo little Knowledge in his Buſineſs, as to detach an old Stander in the Guards for another Country, where he might have had an Opportunity of ſignalizing his Courage, and ſhewing his Skill in Military

tary Affairs. The Fellow was unwilling to leave his truſting Friends at *Windſor*, *Kenſington*, and St. *James*'s ; beſides, he could not tell, but his Majeſty's Poultry in the *Park*, might have been purloin'd in his Abſence : So the Veteran made a Demur upon the Matter, and addreſſed himſelf to his Captain, who very ſeverely reprimanded the Officiouſneſs of the Serjeant, and flew out in a Paſſion ; *D—— him*, ſaid he, *what a Raſkal my Serjeant is, to pitch upon a poor Fellow to go Abroad, who has been theſe twenty Years in the Guards, and never march'd further than* Portſmouth

He marches with as much Gravity before his Scarlet Infantry, as a Judge round the *Temple-Charcoal* upon ſome Holy-day of Note ; and no wonder that his Gate is ſlow and heavy, when he's loaded with a Dozen dead Men in each Pocket. But the Muſter-Roll is the only Place you ſhall hear of any Perſons reduc'd by him to that Condition. No, he's a Man of too much good Nature to be always in Miſchief ; and for that Reaſon, and out of pure Loyalty, he ſtays on this Side the Water, and ſcatters his Maker's Image thro' all the Corners of *Great Britain* ; and as your heroick fighting Coxcombs murder Abroad, he repairs the Race of Mankind at Home, by a luſty and vigorous Application.

He knows how to protect a broken Shopkeeper from the County Goal, or the terrible Paws of an Eſcape-Warrant, provided always the Fellow is not ſo much a Bankrupt, but that he has reſerved a ſmall Acknowledgment for this Officer, as Thieves do for their Ordinary ; and ſo far underſtands himſelf, as to make a Preſent of his Pay, inſtead of receiving any.

His Company is a Rendezvous of peaceable Men ; amongſt whom, you may be ſure to meet with more that eat his Majeſty's Bread, than do his

his Duty: And if any appear with the unſightly Marks of Wounds or Baſtinadoes, one may venture to aſſert, they were made with Weapons no longer than a Candleſtick, Chamber-pot, or Flaggon, or were received in a Field, in which a green Tuft of Graſs was never known to flouriſh.

Don *Quixote*, like a hardy Knight as he was, made nothing of putting to flight whole Regiments of black and white Infantry: But our modern Hero, during the Courſe of his Life-time, has devour'd more of theſe bleating Regiments, than ever were ſlain by *Don de la Mancha*.

He has another Property too, very much reſembling that Deſtroyer of Giants; for as the *Don* would pay no Caſtle Rent, ſo he is as little inclinable to ſatisfy the Demands of his Taylor, Barber, or Lodging: For, with that famous Knight, he never heard of any Warrior in Romance, who us'd to pay no ſuch ſort of Tribute; and he ſcorns to be impos'd on, more than e'er a *Spaniſh* Chevalier of them all.

After *Ajax* had fought a ſingle Combat with *Hector*, *Agamemnon*, the commanding Officer, gave him for Supper a good Piece of Beef: But how many Rencounters, by this Rule, has our Hero met with, who is never known to ſit down to Dinner without half a Dozen Diſhes of Meat.

What with good eating and drinking, he becomes as heavy as an ars'd Chriſtian, as ever wanted a ſhove from the Prick of Repentance; and tho' a Man would imagine him no very airy Perſon by that Cart-load of Honour he carries about him, yet he is not ſo weighty neither, but that he's perpetually attempting to leap over the Heads of his elder Brethren.

He aims at a Regiment, as much as an old Serjeant does to ſit upon the Bench; but then it is for a Regiment that may ſtay at Home, and garriſon

garriſon *Plymouth*, *Portſmouth*, or the *Tower*; to one of which, he pretends a good Title to be Governor; having receiv'd ſeveral Wounds from *French* Weapons, while he lay entrench'd in thoſe impregnable Fortreſſes.

Notwithſtanding, tho' he is none of the beſt Livers, yet he does not in the leaſt apprehend going to the Devil, becauſe he never ſent any Body thither himſelf, either Friend or Foe, at home or abroad, unleſs it were by Curſes and Execrations; and as for thoſe he may ſet his Heart at reſt, Heaven never regards them; they are e'en as harmleſs as his Rapier.

To look upon his Muſter-Rolls, you'd think his Company as full as his Glaſs, which is always a Brimmer, provided the Wine be good; and that he kept ſome Super-numeraries againſt unlook'd-for Occaſions. But, alas! the lean Fellows who mount the Guard, can tell you another Story; and the poor Souls, to their Coſts, find but one Relief of Duty-men, and are only obliged to take their Turn at St. *James*'s ſix Days in the Week, and the ſeventh's thrown into the Bargain.

Thus he lives, without Thoughts of Death, tho' no Perſon more apprehends dying than himſelf; till having ramm'd down his Gun with too great a Charge of good Proviſion, the over-loaded Piece recoils, and Nature flies into Extravagancies; and at length his Pulſe, by beating too violent a March, is forc'd to halt altogether, and Death makes him Priſoner, without the Hopes of returning upon his Parole of Honour.

But before this Fortreſs ſurrendered without Colours flying, to a greater Conqueror than *Tamerlane*, the ſpiritual Surgeon was ſent for, to heal the Wounds of his Conſcience, who, probing the Hurt, finds him inſenſible. A Mortification follows

lows of Courſe, and he goes among the Heroes of Antiquity.

The Brothers of the Blade, you may be ſure, condole his Departure, the Regiment meets, and march as regularly as burnt Claret and Sack will give them leave, to his Grave, the Trench of all his Glory; where they diſcharge a loud Volley, and bury him like, what he never was, a Soldier, and a Chriſtian.

Of an Aid de Camp.

AN *Aid de Camp* is the Shadow of a General-Officer; he follows his Steps wherever he goes, with as much Fidelity and Diligence, as *Trey*, or *Venus* do their Maſters. He is ſure to carry the General's Commands, whether it be to order an Attack, or to bring up a Dinner.

He admires a General who can conquer without Bloodſhed; for a Battle may endanger himſelf and his Maſter: And he has always ſo much Fidelity for the laſt, that he deſires he may ſleep in a whole Skin, out of a ſincere Affection to the former.

He would not change his Poſt, when on this Side of the Water, for any beneath the Dignity of a Colonel, he finds ſo many Appurtenances belonging to it; and notwithſtanding the Government allows him Ten Shillings a Day, yet with the Help of his Maſter's Favour, he knows how to get almoſt as much Money as the Agent.

He's a wonderful Conſolation to the Chaplain, to the Page, and the Gentleman; who, were it not for his Intervention, would be ſent of a thouſand ſleeveleſs Errands to no Purpoſe.

Evil

Evil Company, they ſay, corrupts good Manners, but he is in no Danger of having his Morals ſpoil'd, by incurring the Penalty of this Proverb; for he is ſeldom but in good Company, unleſs when he is alone.

He's entitled to a Niece of his Excellency's (as a Chaplain to his Patron's Waiting-Maid) with no Goods or Chattels, but what are ſo well ſtow'd near her Keel, that they'll be ſix Months after Marriage before they can be haul'd out. Thro' the Means of this Lady, and winking at a few Slips he ſees committed by his Officer, he need no more fear getting a Regiment, if his Excellency's Intereſt can procure him one, than a Doctor need doubt of being conſecrated a Dean, if his Heart and his Purſe do not fail him.

Of a Partiſan.

HE is a Gentleman, who, by often beating the Roads here in *England*, becomes capable of his Employment Abroad; and by borrowing of his Friends, he got the Way of knowing the better how to plunder his Enemies. 'Tis true, he was once in the Suds by the Capriciouſneſs of *Fortune*, and he had like to have ſail'd no farther than *Paddington*; but the fickle Jilt ſmil'd again, and he was order'd for *Flanders*, and at one Hit obtain'd his Life, and an Opportunity of ſhewing his good Qualities in the Service of the Government.

Thanks to our good Stars, there are no Partiſans in *England*: They are a Sort of Thiſtles, which won't endure the Coolneſs of our *Northern* Climate; they more delight in a ſulphureous Air,

and a fiery Region, ſuch as the Territories about *Liſle*, and the Chattellany of *Ypres*. But if *Fate* had permitted them the Liberty of ſetting up their Trade here in *England*, what glorious Earnings would they have made of it! I dare venture a Wager, that ten Miles round *London* would have given them a nobler Booty, than all the *Fauxbourghs* of *Flanders*, or *Germany*.

He has generally an Independant Company, who morode, ſteal, and plunder at the Diſcretion of their Leader. If he's a young Beginner, and not thoroughly acquainted with his Buſineſs, he only robs the *French*, and raiſes Contributions in their Country; but if Time and Experience has ſettled his Brains, and let him into the Secrets of his Profeſſion, he plunders the richeſt of both Parties; for they are properly his Enemies.

He's a Privateer; ſo 'tis none of his Buſineſs to ſet upon any, but ſuch as are like to fall a-ſtern, when they ſee him bear down: But Lord, how he trembles, when he ſees the Ambuſcade! A thouſand Times more than a poor Whore, who finds her Lover, upon ſhutting the Door chang'd into an informing Conſtable.

Of all Things in Nature, he hates a Provoſt worſe than a General does a *Chelſea*-Penſioner, who was once hail Fellow well met with his Honour. This is the Enemy he fears moſt, and which gives his Party the leaſt Quarter; for no ſooner does he take his Men Priſoners, but to reward all their Valour, he obliges them to mount the Ladder of Preferment

Yet, it often falls out, that Partiſan and Provoſt, like Thief and Thief-Catcher, underſtand one another well enough; and if the firſt takes Care to preſerve a Conſcience in his Dealings, and keep Touch with the Military-Conſtable, he may

ravage

ravage as large and wide as he pleaſes, under the very Noſe of the General.

He is often ſent to guard our Convoys from the Enemy; but on ſuch Occaſions, there wants another Party to protect it from the Convoy itſelf; as our Enſurers on the *Exchange* muſt be enſured upon; if the Merchant is not inclinable to ſuſtain a Loſs both by Sea, and on the Shore.

He is never in a better Humour, than when he has ſecur'd the Magiſtrates of ſome Town, in Expectation of a good Ranſom. Away he goes to jolly *Kate* the Sutler's, and ſpends in a Night's Time, as many Pattacoons as would maintain all the Families of the States of *Holland* for a whole Month.

He is ſufficiently ſatisfied, that the Catholicks know well enough how to equivocate with Hereticks; ſo he takes Care, when he falls into their Quarters, to put the Queſtion home to the poor Peaſants; and notwithſtanding their Jeſuitical Evaſions, he always finds ſuch powerful Arguments, that he poſſeſſes himſelf of the Treaſure; which he is not ſo bigotted to, as to make an Idol of it. No, he trucks it away for more holy *Geneva*; inſpir'd with which, he dares fight the Whore of *Babylon*, and all her Bullies put together.

Thus he lives, till ſome ruin'd Boor takes him napping, or takes him over the Noddle with a Brace of Balls from a Place of Conveniency; or whilſt a Peace, which ſets up other Trades, ruins his Profeſſion. When that Day of Doom comes, and lawful Robbery is no more, he quits the melancholy Woods, once the Scene of his Pleaſures, and returns into *England*, where he ſets up a Branch of his old Calling; but unfortunately being catch'd by the Garriſon of *Newgate*, he is forc'd to mount the wooden Horſe of *Tyburn*.

Of a Spy.

A *Spy* and a *Partiſan* are as well link'd together, as an *Hoſtler* and a *Thief*; and what Booty the Cut-purſe takes by Force of his Intelligence, is conſcientiouſly divided betwixt him who fought, and he who look'd after the Baggage.

But 'tis below the Dignity of your Spy of Honour, to trouble himſelf about Plunder; he leaves that Part of the Buſineſs to a Parcel of poor Fellows, whoſe Intelligence reaches no higher than where a rich Boor may be found, a few Horſes, or a Herd of black Cattle; and to ſay the Truth, are ſcarce worth the Rope that hangs them.

The State ſufficiently pays this daring Informer for News he brings, if of Conſequence; and he'll tell you, good Huſbandry to him, is the greateſt Piece of Folly that a General can commit; and that Intelligence is the only Guide, which can direct an Army to Safety, Honour, and Succeſs.

No Body doubts of his being a bold Fellow; for he dares look Death and the Devil every Day in the Face; being as ſure to be hang'd if he is caught in the Fact, notwithſtanding all his Money, as a Rogue here in *England* is to eſcape the Gallows, if he has wherewith to bribe a Friend in a Corner.

The frequent Executions he ſees of his Friends, and his Enemies, who are Brothers of the Trade, make juſt the ſame Impreſſion on him, as a Hanging-Day upon a Pick-pocket; and he improves the Cataſtrophe much to the ſame Purpoſe; both mind their Buſineſs in the fatal Hour, and the one ſteals

ſteals your Money at ſuch a Time, and the other your Secrets.

Tho' this Life is uſually ſpent in the Tents of the Wicked, and amongſt thoſe whoſe Hands are ſwift to ſhed Blood; yet for his own Part, he may be reckon'd a Man of a religious Life and Converſation, for he takes Care what Paths he treads in, and very often numbers his Days.

He is certainly no Traitor, tho' he holds Correſpondence with our Enemies Abroad; and I dare aver, that he is little guilty of Miſpriſion; for he never hears of any Thing of Importance againſt the State, but he diſcovers it.

He knows all the Avenues of both Camps, their Situations and Defences, as well as Dr. *Ratcliff* did the Way to the *Vine-Tavern* in *Long-Acre*; but if the Fool knew himſelf half ſo well as he does other People, he'd ſoon cry old Shoes and Brooms, before he'd run to Hell upon any Body's Errands.

Ne'er a Fox in the Foreſt of *Arden*, or Wood of *Soignies*, is acquainted with more Turnings and Windings, more Defences and Places to earth in, than himſelf; but had he learnt the Sagacity of that Creature, as he has a few of his Tricks, he'd open Shop with ſome other Employment.

Like a Lawyer, or a Highwayman, if ever he breaks, he muſt break his Neck, or have a pretty Circle round it; and that's much to the ſame Purpoſe: But this Profeſſion may boaſt of one Thing as a particular Happineſs, that upon failing in the World, he who deals in Intelligence, and ſuch Manufactures, never ſees ſo great Villains as the Gaolers of the *King's Bench*, and the *Compters*, tho' 'tis his Fate to fall under the Hands of a Hangman.

He ſells his Merchandize as dear as any Body, and can't in Conſcience afford it cheaper; and tho' for the moſt Part, to Appearance, it only conſiſts

ſiſts in Ginger-bread and Brandy, yet with this ſmall Stock, by the Help of his Stock of Impudence, if God grants him Length of Days, and Health, he'll grow as rich as a lucky Captain of a Man of War.

But as, ſometimes, this Merchant of News puts on the Equipage of a Boor or Peaſant, ſo at other Times he accouters himſelf in the Habit of their Clergy, expoſes their Gods, and confeſſes Perſons in Health, as well as thoſe who are in a ſickly Condition; and in this you can't blame the Ripper-up of Secrets; for he does no more than other good Politicians, that is, cover his Roguery under the Veil of Religion.

He ought to be a good Chriſtian; for he can't tell how ſoon his Hour may come; nor can he in Reaſon expect to die any other Way, than betwixt Heaven and Earth; ſo he uſually makes Harveſt whilſt the Sun ſhines, takes a Dram of his own comfortable Liquor; and as for Repentance, he hopes there's Time enough for that; being ſure of a few Minutes for Confeſſion.

If he dies hard, worthy his Anceſtors, as his Father, perchance, and his Grandfather did before him (for ſuch has been the Fate of many a Family amongſt the *Walloons* and *Flanderkins)* the Brothers of the Night, when met together in Safety, ſing his Praiſes for a brave Fellow, and drink to his immortal Reputation in Brandy-Wine, and *Geneva*.

Of a Captain.

BY the Partiality of *Fortune*, as he imagines, he is in no higher Rank than that of a Captain; but if you dare give him Credit, he deſerves a ſuperior Poſt: For he can exerciſe his Company as well as e'er a General in *Chriſtendom*; knows their Wheelings, their Doublings, and their Facings, as if he had been begot upon a Drum-head, and nurs'd by a She-Campaigner.

He ſays, 'tis a thouſand Pities that we have Generals, who never were private Centinels; and affirms, that both the Army and Navy would be much better manag'd, if your Soldier of Fortune was only encourag'd in the one, and your true Tarpaulin in the other.

He has a damnable Averſion to Learning and Senſe, believing, that either of them renders a Man effeminate, and ſpoils his being a Hero: And to acknowledge the Truth, the Heroes of Antiquity were a Sort of bluff, illiterate, fighting Fellows, whom he'd feign imitate; therefore he thanks God, that he was ſo diſcreet as to play the Truant when at School; for had he been ſuch a Pedant, as to have been able to have read his Teſtament, and caſt Accounts well, his Father had put him out of ſome handicraft Trade, and there had been an End of the Captain.

He is ſo much a Gentleman, that he hates a Mechanick: eſpecially a Fellow who has not the good Manners to truſt an Officer of the Army. He conceives, that denying him a Credit, is an Affront to his Majeſty; and, if ever the Civil Power falls into Military Hands, he's reſolv'd to ſecure ſuch an Infidel, and his Effects, ſuppo-

ſing

ſing both him, and his Chattels diſaffected to the Government.

Yet, notwithſtanding his being a rough Soldier, he has ſo much Addreſs, as to make his Court at St. *James*'s; after he has firſt paid his Duty to his Wife, who, poor Creature, during his Abſence, has taken as much Pains to repair the Race of Mankind, as ever her Hero did to deſtroy it.

But notwithſtanding his Perriwig-maker, and Taylor have done all they can to furniſh his exterior Apartments, yet his inward Rooms remain empty; and wanting Senſe both to manage himſelf and his Trappings, at his General's Levy, he becomes as odd a Figure as a Parſon in Jack-Boots; ſo not being able to ſtand a Volley of Eye-ſhot, he very fairly wheels about, curſes the Pride of Great Men, which take ſo little Notice of his Merit, and retreats ſtreight to ſome Alehouſe near *Charing-Croſs* without beat of Drum.

Tho' he dare ſtand Cannon-ſhot, or Muſket-Ball, as firmly as e'er a Poſt in the City, or Suburbs, yet he does not much care to engage with a ſmall Sword, and thinks it ſufficient to fight Death at one Weapon only; for this Reaſon, he'd ſooner mount a Counterſcarp, than take a Breathing in *Red Lion Fields*, tho' the Honour of the Regiment was in Jeopardy.

Thus, being oblig'd to ſuppreſs his ill Nature amongſt his Acquaintance and Companions, for Fear of an After-Reckoning, he ſwells till he is ready to burſt; till luckily meeting with two or three of his Rake-hells, he gives himſelf Vent, and attacks their Sconces, Cane in Hand, moſt courageouſly; for notwithſtanding his Averſion to Duels in general, he loves Rencounters well enough, where one of the Combatants only lays about him.

As

As old *Janus* of the *Romans* had a double Face, ſo our Captain has a Brace of Phyſiognomies; an humble ſneaking one to his Superiors, and a ſaucy, hectoring, domineering Countenance to his Vaſſals; but he is far from being charg'd with the Foreſight, or Prudence of that fictitious Deity, for he neither ſees before, nor behind him.

He loves Winter more than Prieſts do private L——y; for in that he receives the Fruits of his Campaigning; a round Sum of Money from the Agent, the Title of Noble Captain from his Landlord, and a young Soldier from his Lady, to perpetuate the Memory of ſo illuſtrious a Family: But if chriſtening the young one, or getting another, had been the main Motives of his Journey, he might have e'en ſtaid where he was, the Buſineſs might have been done without him.

He bears a mortal Hatred to his Enſign, becauſe he pretends to be a Gentleman, which he thinks an unſufferable Affront to his Dignity, very well knowing his Father was ſo far from having a Coat of Arms, that his beſt Apparel was a Leather Jacket, which yet could not defend him from the Fury of ſome black and white Enemies.

But if he carries a Grudge againſt his Subaltern, he has yet a greater againſt his Major; not on the ſame Score as he has againſt the former, but for the many dry Blows he receiv'd from his Hands, when the one was Adjutant, and the other only a Corporal in the Battalion.

He has heard ſome Scholars diſcourſe of *Marius*, how he rais'd himſelf to be five Times Conſul, from working as a Journey-man Carpenter, and exerciſing the Ax and the Quadrant. Such a one, he ſays, was a General indeed; and was he inclin'd to Idolatry, he'd ſooner worſhip him, than e'er a Carpenter mention'd in the Bible.

You'd think him a Man of Worth, or Quality, by always having the Word *Honour* in his Mouth; but he has no more Worth than a *Dutchman* has breeding, or a *P———ze* Courage; and as for his Honour, it is juſt as much as a great Lord has in his Heart, or a great Lady in her Tail.

As a Citizen's Wife thought herſelf more religious for having her Bible claſp'd with Silver, ſo he thinks himſelf braver for being ty'd to a Sword with a Hilt of that Metal; which, like his Courage, he puts on one Day in ſeven, for fear of wearing it out.

He is always telling you what a *Talmaſh* he was, during the laſt Wars with *France*; but for all his Bravadoes, there was ne'er an *Iriſhman* in the Army had ſwifter Heels than his Worſhip, at the Battles of *Steinkirk* and *Landen*.

Of all Things in Nature, next to himſelf, he loves a *Middleſex*-Juſtice; ſuch a one as is well-affected to the Government, and ſhews his Veneration for it; by ſending all who come before him into the Service. The Captain and he is always well met, Hand in Glove, and agree together better than a Ballad-ſinger, and a Pick-pocket.

He conſiders, that a Parcel of poor Tradeſmen are but a Charge to the Pariſh; and that one Beggar begets another; ſo he has Charity enough, under ſome Pretence of Employment, to get them made drunk, and to cram a Shilling into their Pockets; his Serjeant ſwears they were fairly liſted, and a Veſtry confirms his Management next Morning.

But if the Gentleman commiſſioned for the Peace, refuſes to be civil to the Gentleman commiſſion'd for the War, and finds him human Proviſion for Powder and Gun-ſhot, Lord bleſs us! how furious is the Captain? He ſwears he'll re-

venge the Indignity by caning the Magiſtrate, and falling upon his Daughters: But he need not be in ſuch a Heat, the Ladies fear not his Reſentments, or all the Attacks he can make with either of his Weapons.

He knows more Conſtables than an Informer, and is in Fee with as many of them, as a 'tother End of the Town Bawd; and in this her fat Ladyſhip has more Honour than the Captain; for ſhe pays her Civility to the Midnight-Officer, to ſave her military Girls from *Bridewell* or *Newgate*; and he makes Preſents to ſend his Underlings to the *Marſhalſea*, or the *Savoy*.

The Conſtable always finds the Captain his Friend; and whilſt that Terror of Drunkenneſs is abroad, the kind Soldier does his Duty at Home; and with his good Wife is as buſy in raiſing Recruits one Way, as the well-affected Huſband is the other.

Thus the Captain makes a Merchandiſe of the Subject, and ſends more Men abroad, than *Oliver* did, after the Battle of *Worceſter*, to the *Weſt Indies*. He viſits the Goals as conſtantly as the Ordinary does *Newgate*; and his Preſence is near as ominous to the Priſoners.

For as one diſmiſſes his Taterdemalions at the Tripple-tree, after a Pſalm and a few Ejaculations, ſo the other ſends his Rogues in Red, with ſome Promiſes of Preferment abroad; and truly it is a hard Matter, to gueſs whether thoſe from *Newgate*, or the *Savoy*, go into the more combuſtable Climate.

Thus, having run through all the Arts and Intrigues of his Poſt, he at laſt arrives to a Perfection in good Huſbandry; by which he preſerves every Thing but his Reputation amongſt the Soldiers, and the Character of a good Officer amongſt the Superiors: So, diſpiſed by thoſe

above him, and neither lov'd or fear'd by thoſe below him, he lives till Age, or ſome mean Action, diſmiſſes him from his Poſt, or a friendly Bullet ſends him packing to thoſe unknown Regions, where he'll neither meet with free Quarters, Pay, nor Plunder.

Of a Lieutenant.

A *Lieutenant*, like Duke *Stephano* in the *Tempeſt*, is Viceroy of the whole Iſland, under *Trinculo*, the Captain: and he is juſt ſuch a clear-headed Gentleman, and equally worthy of his Poſt, as his Superior.

His Wife, ſome Years ago, ſold Ginger-bread and Apples, to the great Comfort of his Majeſty's Black Guard: But, upon a March, having raiſed a ſufficient Stock to purchaſe a Dram of the Bottle, with the prudent Management of that, and her other Commodities, ſhe procured her Huſband a Halbert; and his healthful Conſtitution befriended him with a Lieutenancy in the *Weſt-Indies*.

Out of pure Gratitude, he loves Rum and Brandy, as a Sailor does Flip and a Bawdy-houſe; for their kind Aſſiſtance in expelling the dry Gripes ſoon after his Promotion in *America*; without the Cordial Help of which, his Ruby-fac'd Honour had never caſt Anchor again amongſt the Diſtillers and Brandy-ſhops of *Charing-Croſs*, and St. *James*'s.

He views his gilt Corſlet, as a needy Fellow does his Watch, upon all Occaſions; and the one think this little Piece of Armour a Proof of his Courage, as the other imagines his Tatler an Argument of his Riches; but they are both a

Couple

Couple of vain-glorious Hypocrites; for as the one runs away with his little Curiaſs upon his Breaſt, ſo the other ſtarves with his Moveable in his Pocket.

He beats his Soldiers conſtantly, as often as Time and Place give him an Opportunity; not for any Neglect in their Duty, or any malicious Grudge to their Perſons; but rather out of Cuſtom, remembering how often he felt the Oaken Towel of his Lieutenant and Serjeant, in the Days that he us'd to guard Fruition in St. *James*'s *Park*.

To ſay the Truth, tho' *Lilly* himſelf had been alive, he could never have foretold his Advancement; and 'tis hard to aſſign a Reaſon, why he was made a Commiſſion'd Officer, unleſs it be, that Commiſſions, upon his Acceſſion to that Dignity, were as plentiful as Whores in a Sea-port Town; or that his Officer got him preferr'd to get rid of ſuch a Block-head.

Whatever he thinks himſelf cut out for, *Nature* deſign'd him as a Blackſmith, or ſome ſuch clean Profeſſion. His Face denotes the Loftineſs of his Mind, and is the exact Mirror of his Soul; and 'tis poſitive, let him be ever ſo much a Man, he cannot be doom'd the Image of the Almighty.

Ambition, the Plague of Heroes, ne'er diſturb'd his Quiet; he is far from any Thoughts of Grandeur; the utmoſt Extent of all his Wiſhes, is to live well when the Wars are ended. If this may be effected, let them ceaſe as ſoon as they pleaſe, it will never break his Heart; for his Temper naturally inclines him to the Butt, and Peace.

If his good Fortune fails him, and he happens at the End of the War to be reduc'd to Half-pay, he thanks Heaven ſtill; and is ſo good a Chriſtian, as to be contented in his Condition. He ſtreight lowers his Sail, and hoiſts up a Sign

of

of the *Broken Trooper*, the *Punch-Bowl*, or ſome ſuch witty Device; and yet you're ſure of finding him encamp'd near the Horſe-Guards; where you'll meet him ty'd to his blue Flag, and as proud of that Linnen Enſign, as an over-grown School-boy of a Pair of Colours.

Of an Enſign.

AN *Enſign* is uſually a young Gentleman, who paſſed thro' all the Claſſes of his Education handſomely enough, and was ripe for the Univerſity, being deſigned for a Clergyman; but unfortunately happening to be caught a-Bed with one of his Mother's Chamber-maids, the Scene was chang'd, and the young Spark was doom'd to the Army.

But ſometimes it falls out otherwiſe, and a Footman, who knew how to procure his Honour a little reliſhing Bit for Supper, is preferr'd to this Poſt; for his Lordſhip thinks it as important a Piece of Service to provide for the Government's Miniſters at Home, as 'tis to combate the Nation's Enemies abroad.

He has heard, that the God of War was inclin'd to the fair Sex, and had an Affair with an honeſt Fellow's Wife; ſo he imagines, that he muſt reſemble him in his Qualities, as he does in his Profeſſion; and for that Reaſon, my young Gentleman has always a Madam at his Service. But this Difference appears in their Amours; for *Mars* always made Preſents to the adorable Doxy, and our modern Soldier gets what he can from his Trull of *Covent Garden*; and the human Trollop certainly

certainly ſpends upon his Back, whatever ſhe can get by her Belly.

He's a Man of Senſe, if a Youth of Eighteen can be call'd one; for his Judgment appears in the well Management of his Sword, and the next tying his Saſh; and he's as ſure of making the Ladies Priſoners, by the Charms of his Garniture, as he is of captivating the Men by the Force of his Arms.

He would make an excellent *Endymion*, but that he's a little too leud for the Converſation of *Diana*; that his Lady Aunt, or virtuous Couſin, are aſham'd of his Company, and forc'd to take up with their Chaplains.

He has Courage enough, and is never ſhy of ſhewing it, eſpecially to the Ladies; with whom he engages at firſt Sight, like the Combatants of His Majeſty's *Bear Garden:* But they are generally too hard for him at his own Weapons.

Whether his Father got him with a Guſt, or his Mother ſhook him from her Nerves, as *Machiavel* expreſſes himſelf in *Cæſar Borgia*, is a Queſtion; but moſt certainly he lays about him, like thoſe venerable Baſtards of Antiquity, like a *Hercules*, a *Theſeus*, or *Sarpedon*.

'Tis true, he's brave enough, but that Bravery borders upon Raſhneſs; that fiery Element rules in his Temper, which is predominant in all fighting Fellows. He has but one of *Janus*'s Faces, puſhes forwards, and ſeldom looks behind.

But *Fortune* is pleas'd with ſuch young Sparks; and, like a Lady, is woo'd and won by your brauny, ſenſeleſs Hero, and laviſhes on them her Laurels; which ought to be the Reward of Age, or an extraordinary Virtue.

Of an Adjutant.

AN *Adjutant* is a Sort of Sub-Major; ſo you may be ſure he comes near his Principal, in moſt of his good Qualities; and is no further remov'd from his Haughtineſs and Pride, than he is from the Poſt and Rank which the other is poſſeſſed of.

He can ſhew more Turns and Doublings with his ragged Infantry, than the craftieſt Fox in *Chriſtendom*; and yet he'd think it a very ſignal Affront to his Character, to be called a *Double Dealer*.

If he's a good Adjutant (as ſuch a Thing may be, Miracles not being ceas'd) you may depend upon it he grows old in the Poſt; and like a Serjeant in the Guards, is ſure to continue ſo whilſt he and the Regiment are Contemporaries; for it would be a Flaw in Military-Policy, if the Colonel ſhould refuſe a round Sum of two or three hundred Guineas, and ſpoil a good Adjutant to make a bad Captain.

If you ſhould ſee him a-ſtride of his *Iriſh* Garon, in a Bob-Wig, ty'd up with a Scarlet Ribbon, you'd think him a Prince; and ſo he is in his own Conceit, when he's diſtributing Orders to the Battalion; and if he gives Place to any Perſon at ſuch a Time, 'tis not for Want of Pride, but Courage.

But as ſoon as the Triumphs of the Day are over, and his Herd of tall Fellows ſeparate to their reſpective Cellars and Garrets, their Drabs and their Doxies, the Man is quite metamorphos'd, and contentedly betakes himſelf to ſome Alehouſe,

houſe, or Brandy-ſhop, with all the Humility imaginable.

His Cane works as many Wonders as the Rod of *Moſes:* It cures the Scurvy and Lameneſs as well as St. *Winifred*'s Well, or the Cold Bath: It makes a Cripple walk, and a lame Fellow run as nimble as a *Roe* upon the Mountains: Tho' for Pains in the Limbs, it can't be reckon'd very ſanative, being like *Mercury*, more apt to fix, than repel them.

The Truth is, he's a terrible Fellow to all the Serjeants in the Regiment, but thoſe that have a right Underſtanding with him; and they ſeem to dread him worſe than Hell; for they will ſometimes give each other to the Devil, but are never once ſo daring in their Anger, as to wiſh the Adjutant may take him into his Clutches.

He fancies himſelf the beſt Head in the Army; and would have you believe, that the Battalion had been broken an hundred Times, but that his Diſcipline preſerv'd it; not but that he'll acknowledge his Superiors to be tolerable good Officers; but, alas! they want the main Point: *For ſhew me the General*, ſays he, *who can form a Battalion into a hollow Square, or learn a raw Fellow how to handle his Arms, charge his Piece well, and handle his Fuzee with ſuch a Grace, as would make a Lady die to look on him.*

He's mighty apt to fly into a Paſſion, without the leaſt Reaſon; and if a Serjeant miſtakes a Term upon his exerciſing a File of new Men, he corrects the Error very ſmartly, with the Dint of his irreſiſtible oaken Plant; of which he is always very liberal, being much more profuſe of his Blows to his own Men, than he is to the Enemy.

He underſtands each Term of War, as well as Dr. *Knipe* did the *Grammar*, or Mr. *Walker*

the *Particles*; and like our modern Schoolmen, he beats his Head ſo much about Diviſions, that truly he underſtands but very little of any Thing elſe.

He's a hurry-durry Blade, much like the Bay of *Biſcay*, always rough and ſtormy; and nothing but good Quarters can make him eaſy, and facetious; eſpecially where he has a great Store of Meat and Drink, and no commanding Officer; or, at leaſt, a very raw one to ſuperviſe him; then you ſhall ſee him dreſs'd out in all his Pride, with ſuch an Air of Martial Gaiety in his Countenance, as appears by that of an heroick Ald——n's, upon a Skirmiſh between his trained Bands in the *Artillery-Ground*.

Of a Quarter-Maſter.

A *Quarter-Maſter*'s chief Buſineſs is to take up Quarters for the Officers, and private Men, with a particular Regard to his own Emolument and Advantage, to receive the King's Pay as conſtantly as 'tis paid, and to fight when he can't help it.

He knows how to burn a ſmall Town, or a Village, as well as e'er a Partiſan in *Flanders*; but is above making uſe of Fire, or Faggot to that Purpoſe. He leaves that ordinary Way to your Dragoon, or Meroder. He has only an Underſtanding with the Conſtable, and the Commanding Officer of the Battalion; together they make up the Matter: The poor Fellows, for their Parts, march forward; and not one of the three loſes by the Bargain.

He

He verily believes *Tranſubſtantiation* himſelf, and maintains it as an Orthodox Opinion; for he can make an Individual be Reſident in forty ſeveral Quarters at a Time, and receive Contribution from each of them.

He receives more Offerings, than a fat Benefice brings in Tythes. Capons, Pigs, and Geeſe are always at his Service; not a Buſh he meets with, but has a Hare at his Command, and a Bottle of Wine to make it ſavory, if he'll do the Maſter of the Tippling-School the Favour of eating up his Victuals.

Thus he has the good Fortune to be courted by all Parties; for the Officers of his own Regiment expect to make a Lodgment in rich Houſes, by his friendly Notice and Aſſiſtance; and the poor Country Ale-Houſes, and Taverns hope to be rid of their Landlords in Red, by Means of his Favour and good Offices.

If a Landlord, or his good Lady ride reſty, and refuſe his Worſhip the Liberty of beating their Servant-men, and lying with the Women, he grows as ſurly as a broken Colonel, wheels to the left about, and ſtrait ſends a Couple of Files of Muſketteers in his Room; one Part of which breaks the Hoſt's Head, and the other ſinges the Hoſteſs's Tail.

Thus, he lives at Diſcretion, with his Royſters ready cut and dried againſt all Emergencies; tho' a Man would be apt to believe he has not much of that Quantity, who ſpends his Life in drinking and whoring.

Of the Chaplain of a Regiment.

FROM turning up the Earth, of which he was made, he now ploughs the Field of *Theology*, more by Accident than Inclination. His Father was in Doubt, whether to make him a Farmer, or a Prieſt; but at laſt Divinity carried it; and ſo he is a Parſon in ſpight of Dulneſs, Profaneneſs, and Irreligion.

He had ſo great a Reſpect, when a Boy, for his Father's Pigs and Cattle, that, by his good Will, he would never have been out of their Company. He often play'd the Truant for the ſake of thoſe his pretty Play-fellows; and his Maſter had no other Way to bring him to encounter with *Priſcian*, but by coaxing him with Cakes and Ale; and to ſay the Truth, he is ſtill of the ſame Humour; for he can hardly be brought now to preach any Thing to the Purpoſe, but over his Bottle.

He had ſome ſqueamiſh Notions of Piety inſtill'd into him by his Mother; but Thanks to his good Stars, and his Univerſity-Education, he has ſhook them off long ago; and now he believes himſelf as fine a Gentleman, as wenching, and a little Touch of Atheiſm can make him.

But whatever Inclination he has to be wicked, a Storm, or a Battle gives him ſuch a Qualm of Conſcience, that he ſhakes as much as any Quaker in *Great Britain:* But he's ſoon out of his Apprehenſions, and in his old Pickle of Profaneneſs; for no ſooner is the Storm over, or the Regiment marching into Winter-Quarters, but off goes the Glaſs, and up go Madam's fine Petticoats; 'tis handle your Arms, and to the Left about as you were.

When he's abroad in Popiſh Countries, he never contradicts thoſe of another Religion, not out

out of Apoſtacy to his own, but out of pure good Breeding; and he had much rather his Belief ſhould ſuffer in the Opinion of the Company, than ſpoil good Converſation, by defending it, and let the Glaſs eſcape him, whilſt he is arguing his metaphyſical Notions.

He has ſo much Tenderneſs for his Flock, that he can bear with no Diviſions in the Regiment, eſpecially between the Officers and their Wives: In ſuch Caſes, he generally applies himſelf to the weaker Veſſel, as more eaſy to be wrought on; and the good Man, for the moſt Part, is ſo ſucceſsful in his Endeavours, that he quickly ſtops up all Gaps of Diſcontent.

By the various Colours of his Cloaths, you'd ſooner imagine him a Son of *Joſeph* than of *Levi*. He's equipp'd *A-la-Cavalier*, more like a Soldier than a Prieſt; his long Wig, his Sword, and his ſpeck'd Neckcloth, ſhew the Temper of this booted Apoſtle, who would be as much aſhamed to wear his *Prunella Gown* amongſt his Scarlet Pariſhioners, as a *Non Conformiſt* would a *Surplice*.

The Regiment would be reaſonable good Chriſtians, were it not for the ill Precedent he ſhews them: His Works call his Words in Queſtion; and his ſix Days Practice is a Reproach to his Sunday's Example.

He would be no Prieſt without a Mixture of Cunning; ſo he ſpreads his Canvaſs, or Reefs, according to the Nature of the Company he is in: Amongſt Men of Learning, he pretends to have an Averſion to Diſputes, and the whimſical Nicetie; of Schoolmen; when amongſt Soldiers, he tells you, he is a Man of Letters, yet a jolly Companion; with the grave he counterfeits Religion; with the ſurly a Moroſeneſs, and indifferently drinks with them all.

He had much rather ſay Grace than preach a Sermon,

Sermon, provided there's a good Dinner to recompence his Labour; for he'll no more thank God than the King for nothing; and thinks this a very notable Sentence, *Does* Job *serve God for nought?* though it iſſued from the Mouth of the Devil.

As Vultures always hover over their Prey, ſo, by pure Inſtinct, he ſmells out a good Entertainment; and thinks it a particular Bleſſing, to crave a Bleſſing upon ſuch Occaſions.

He's never ſo ſtiff, but he can face Preferment; nor ſo ſupple, but he can ſtand to his Text, when his Intereſt obliges him to put on a magiſterial Gravity; for this Reaſon, he conſults the Temper of his Colonel, and is either High, or Low Church, according to the Inclination of his Superior; and *Camelion* like, changes his Colour, according to the reſpective Buſh he ſits on.

He knows, upon Occaſion, how to mollify Matters. A little Touch of Wenching in a Catholick Country, he calls propagating the Seed of the Church; and then for a Debauch, or ſo, he tells you it's neceſſary ſometimes; it gives *Nature* a Ferment, and clears all the Avenues of our little World, much better than forty Purges of the Doctor's Phyſick.

If the Colonel's Time lies upon his Hands of a Sunday, he knows how to divert himſelf with a Game at Cribbidge, or Back-Gammon; and his Honour may ſafely truſt him with the Secret, which would certainly be diſcovered by a Lay-Brother.

He's ſo good a Scholar, that he never troubles himſelf with a Book, be it the Bible, or a profane Author; but is the very reverſe of the Catholick Clergy, permitting his Flock to read their Duty in their Mother-Tongue; and this out of pure Lazineſs: For the Text can inſtruct them much

much better than he, and the Peruſal of it by the Vulgar, ſaves him a great deal of Trouble.

But yet he takes Care to ſhew he's a Man of Letters upon certain Occaſions, and for that Purpoſe, uſes a ſort of a *Lindſey Woolſey* Dialect, half *Greek* half *Latin*; and ſometimes a Daſh of *Engliſh* and *Walloons*, eſpecially if the Surgeon is in Company, being ſenſible that Patcher-up of Carcaſſes knows no more of Languages, than his Probe, or his Plaiſter-Box.

He is far from being a Scandal to his Profeſſion: He may drink, and wench to the End of the Chapter, yet he may plead with the miſſionary Jeſuits in *China*, that he permits himſelf thoſe Liberties with a Deſign to render his Perſon acceptable to the People; for ſhould he turn as ſevere as a Recluſe, and forbid himſelf and his purple Flock a little Refreſhment that Way, they'd no more endure him, than the *Chineſe* would a *Franciſcan*, who rail'd againſt the Precepts of *Confucius*.

He ſeldom ſwears, but when he's full of *Brandy-Wine*, or good *Burgundy*; and then the Fleſh yields to the Spirit: And he carries himſelf in ſuch a Manner, as you'd imagine him, by his Dreſs and Behaviour, rather an *Iriſh* Grenadier or Dragoon, than the Soldier of a crucified Maſter.

Thus charm'd with the Pleaſures of a Bottle, and a pretty Wench at a Sutler's, he bleſſes his good Fortune, nor envies a Country-Vicar, tho' a pretty Laſs preſents him with a greater Rarity, than Pig, Gooſe, or Capon, and many a good Wife receives his bodily Solace. 'Tis true, he's forc'd to pay for his Wine and his Miſtreſs, but he's too generous to grudge at it, and ſcorns, like your whining Non-conformable Elder, at one Time to rifle a Lady's Placket, and ſearch her Pockets into the Bargain.

Of

Of the Surgeon.

HE was once as civil a Fellow as ever handled a Wash-ball and a Razor; as appeared by the Contents of a little Board before his Window, *Shave for a Penny, bleed for Four Pence:* But his Breaking in that Employment has broke him of his Humility, and by the Assistance of a few Pieces, he now bleeds the Regiment both in their Persons, and their Purses.

He has the Reputation of a learned Man, and deserves it very well, having studied in the same University as Dr. *Case* and Dr. *Stringer* did. Then for Secrets in Medicine, he out-does Dr. *Faustus* himself, who was not only a *Physician*, but a *Conjurer*.

Yet, with all his Judgment, he is not so ill-natur'd, but he'll allow this Nation produces very able Surgeons; and you can hardly name a Man belonging to the three Kingdoms, but he'll own him to be the second best Artist in the Army of *Great Britain*.

He knows how to cause rest better than Dr. *B——n* himself did, before he went into the Land of Forgetfulness: Nor can the Prescription of *Gibbons*, or *Ratcliff* come near him that Way; and could you but persuade him to write a Tome of his Cures, that would be another of the best Opiates in *Christendom*.

He never ventures into an Engagement, that is not his Business; he understands the World much better; but if any of the *French* happen to be wounded, and so fall under his Hand, he knows how to be serviceable to the Government; and I'll venture a Wager, he kills more of our Enemies in

in the Hoſpital, than the beſt Regiment of the Army can do in the Field.

He holds Infallibility in his Medicines, though he hates it in the *Pope*; he'll tell you, that *Galen* was no more than an old Herbaliſt, and was fit for nothing but to keep a Shop in *Covent-Garden Market*; but for himſelf he aſſures you, he has a ſympathetick *Powder*, which will cure Wounds at a hundred Miles Diſtance, better than the Preſcriptions of *Achilles*.

His Apartments, if he has Conveniency, are grac'd with little Skeletons of the Dead, to inform you, if you're wiſe enough to take the Hint, what we muſt all come to; if 'tis our Fortune to fall into his Hands. He reſembles the Tax upon Burials, the Commiſſioners of which would not permit a poor Fellow to die, and go God knows whither, without being paid for it; and of all his Alligators and Crocodiles you ſee in his Infirmary, you may depend upon it, he bites the ſharpeſt.

He has heard of *Religio Medici*, and bears a vaſt Averſion to the Memory of the Author; for he's of Opinion, that a conſcientious Phyſician ſpoils the Trade, by omitting to take his Fees; *And then*, ſays he, *I'll warrant he was no Artiſt, by having ſo much to do with Religion.*

He has a bargaining Skull always lies upon the Table, as the Surgeons of *London* have a Bargaining-Plaiſter; the Sight of which brings him in more, than the Tombs of *Weſtminſter* do to thoſe who have the ſhewing them. If he meets with a Sort of hide-bound Fellow, *There*, ſays he, *my Maſter, on the Table is the Skull of juſt ſuch an obſtinate Perſon as yourſelf: Pray look upon it; view but the* Foramens *through the* Sinciput. *This Man, you muſt know, offered me forty Shillings as you may do; I told him I could not take it; He went away, thinking I impoſed upon him, goes to a Scoundrel Pretender,*

who very fairly killed him in a Month's Time; and there's his Skull, which I purchas'd of the Sexton. His Medicines multiply Diſeaſes, as much as a Petty-fogger does Cauſes; yet what he wants in Art, he makes up in Tenderneſs and good Nature; for he nurſes a new-born *Gonorrhea*, into a *virulent Clap*, a *Clap* into a *Pox*; and afterwards fixes and confirms it.

He is ſo impartial in the Adminiſtration of his Office, that he deals as well by a Soldier, as an Officer; and to ſpeak the Truth, rather better; for he leaves the poor Fellow to *Nature*, which either quickly kills, or cures him; but your Gentleman fares much worſe, for the Doctor plagues him with *Boluſſes* and *Cordials*, till he has made the *Purſe* as lean as the *Patient*.

He has ſeen ſo much of the World, that he's no more afraid of being reduc'd to his former Circumſtances, than of being ſhot for a Deſerter. Tho' a Peace ſhould be concluded, ſtill he has a Reſerve to ſupport his Spirits, and keep up the Burlineſs of his Carcaſs; for when that happens, you'll find him about *Moorfields*, or *White-Croſs-Street*, at the Sign of the *Hand* and *Urinal*, where he cures all *curable Diſeaſes*, and reſolves all *lawful Queſtions*, knows the Uſe of the *Green* and the *Golden Dragon*; and has a Quantity by him of *Female Fern-Seed*.

Of a Serjeant.

A *Serjeant* is a *Jack-call* to his Captain, the *Lion*; yet tho' he hunts the Prey, he ſeldom taſtes of the Quarry; and all the Reward he gets by inveigling a poor Fellow to liſt himſelf, and

run

run the Hazard of his Carcaſs, is, perchance, no more than a *George*, and his Share of half a dozen Quarterns of Brandy.

You can't call him a Pick-pocket, tho' he's none of the honeſteſt Fellows in the World; for he's more apt to give, than to take: And if a Sot happens to get drunk with him over Night, 'tis Odds but the Fool meets with a Shilling in his Pocket next Morning.

But then the After-Reckoning is the Devil and all, for your Kid-napper of Coxcombs ſwears he took the King's Money; away the Fool is carry'd before a Veſtry, from thence to the *Savoy*, and from thence the Lord knows whither.

But, for all his Tricks; he has ſome good Qualities, for he takes Care to regulate the Company, and makes their Ways ſtreight. Then for a Paymaſter, he thinks he's better than the King himſelf (God bleſs him) for he pays but once a Month, and he clears the Company twice a Week.

He can draw in a poor Tradeſman to carry a brown Muſket, as cleverly as a Bawd can entice a young Damſel to carry his commanding Officer: But there's a vaſt Difference in the Conſequence, the Bawd takes Care that the Girl's Belly ſhall be full, and the Serjeant brings it about, that the poor Fellow's ſhall be empty.

He's as good a Cook as *Ned Locket*, but much cheaper: He can make you an *Olio* as readily as a *French-Man* can fricaſee a Diſh of Frogs. No ſooner is the Tin Kettle on, but each Man brings in his Contribution: And what's beſt of all, the Feaſt is prepar'd without ever going to Market.

His Stars deſign'd him for a Blade of the Night, and prepar'd him Quarters near *Knight's Bridge* or *Paddington*; but another Aſpect interveen'd, or his Planet ſhifted Stations, and from doing Miſchief

at Home, he very luckily is ſent to plunder the Enemy in *Flanders*.

Let Peace come when it will, it never troubles his Conſcience, no more than the Thoughts of a Battle. The laſt of theſe, like troubled Waters, he knows how to fiſh in; and what with his Stock of Skill in the *Mathematicks*, and ſome other good Qualities, he's ſure of living as well as his Neighbours.

Of a Grenadier.

HE's a bold Fellow, and generally of more Uſe and Value to the Nation, than all the painted Butterflies that wing the Air near the Palaces of *Whitehall* and St. *James*'s.

He has no more Religion than he has Money, and yet he makes a Shift to fight deſperately without the one, and eat heartily without the other.

He commands wherever he comes, with as magiſterial an Air as the Grand Seignior; and tho', as I ſaid before, he's a poor Dog, yet he always finds Proviſion, or makes others find it for him. And that Raſhneſs of his, which attends all his Actions, does him the greateſt Service; it making other Perſons careful of their Lives, ſince he is ſo negligent of his own.

Tho' unpoliſhed as a Bear, yet he has more Honour than your Courtier, your Lawyer, or your Agent, for he cuts no Body's Throat with a Feather; gives Quarter to a brave Enemy, and would no more kill any Man in cold Blood, than an Informing Conſtable, or a pettifogging Lawyer would in hot.

He

He has seen so many Storms at Land, that he no more apprehends one, than a Sailor does a Tempest at Sea; and this is a certain Rule with him, to be most wicked when he has most Occasion to be godly.

But as he can neither write or read, he thinks, if he acts contrary to his Duty, his Relations must answer for it, having never taught him the *Criss-Cross-Row*; so he thinks no more of the Matter, tosses up a Dram of the Bottle, shoulders his Fuzee, and away he marches unconcerned to the Trenches.

The Inventions of Men to destroy one another, and all the Fires of the Elements, can't make him tremble: And if the World was to be unhing'd, and fall to Pieces, the Ruins of it might crush, but not terrify him.

But tho' he is obstinately brave, he's content with a little: Give him the worst of Spirits, or *Geneva*, and he thinks himself as great as an Emperor. Arm'd with this, he dares the Power of *France*, and would attack the Devil, tho' he was intrench'd at *Lisle*, under the Command of any of their best Marshals.

Of a private Centinel.

GIve a Soldier Victuals and Drink enough, and you need never fear his Fighting; but 'tis the Humour of an *Englishman*, he loves to die with Money in his Pockets, and Meat in his Belly.

He was once an honest Tradesman, and work'd hard for his Living; but lifting his Hand to his Head too often, he became poor; and the Overseers of the Parish most prudently caus'd him to be press'd for a Soldier.

Wearied

Wearied with his Woes and Misfortunes, the ill Uſage he had in the *Savoy*, and the Ingratitude of his dear Spouſe, he grows deſperate, and fighting in a Paſſion, he kills the *French* to revenge the Injuries he receiv'd from the *Engliſh*.

If he's ſharp, he's conſtantly detach'd upon moroding by his own Conſent, much oftner than he is upon Duty by the Serjeant; and let him behave himſelf how he will in Battle, he's always a deſperate Foe to Pigs, Lambs, and Poultry, to whom he was never known to give any Quarter.

If *Fortune* bleſſes him, by ſome Accident, or other, with a few *Patticoons*, ſtreight he falls to gaming, and throws that off in a Minute, which the poor Fellow from whom he took it, perchance, was ſome Months getting; and what he gain'd by Hazard, he loſes at Paſſage.

He thinks no more of his native Country, than that does of him; and, with a ſtupid Inſenſibility, reſigns himſelf to whatever happens, firmly believing that his Condition can't be well worſe than it is, either here, or hereafter.

If he ever thinks at all, (and truly that's a Queſtion) it is of being a Captain; and then he pleaſes himſelf with the Fancy of how he'll maul the Men and the Women.

If he ſurvives the War, and returns to *England*, he is generally to lazy to work; and ſcorns from a Gentleman Soldier to turn Mechanick: So he falls in love, not with his Neighbour's Wife, but his Money, and borrows a little of it without Bond or Security, for which he aſcends a worſe Machine than a wooden Horſe; yet he grows better towards his latter End, and tho' he has been no very good Liver, yet he concludes his Life with a Pſalm.

Of

Of a Provoſt.

THE *Provoſt* is a greater Villain than ever was born in *Ireland*, or nurs'd in *Newgate*: and commits more Murders than a brib'd Jury, or an ignorant Phyſician.

It ſeems a little odd, that a Gang of Thieves ſhould be Judge and Jury both to the poor Soldiers; and that theſe miſerable Wretches ſhould yet ſuffer by Hands infinitely more wicked than their own.

He has neither Humanity, good Nature, or Compaſſion; and when he deſcends into the Realms of Perdition, he will there never meet with ſo cruel a Devil as himſelf.

Nero wiſh'd, that all the *Romans* had but one Head, that he might have chopp'd it off; and this Villain wiſhes the Army had but one Neck, that he might hang every Mother's Child of our Forces at once.

He's more pleas'd with Executions than a common Hangman, and gets much more by them, than the Finiſher of the Law does in *London*, tho' he's a Squire by his Place; and he's ſo covetous a Rogue of Money, that he would not ſtick to hang his Father, or his General, ſo he might get five Pounds for his Coat.

He's not fit for the Converſation of Men, and is rather too cruel even for the Society of Devils: to whoſe Company, notwithſtanding our Notion of Free-will, he is predeſtin'd.

FINIS.

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